PUNK lives!

No.4/70p

DEAD MAN'S SHADOW

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

ATTAK

BLACK FLAG

BEKI BONDAGE

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS

JOHNNY ROTTEN

THE BLOOD

KIRK BRANDON

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

DEAD MAN'S SHADOW: pic by Erica Echenberg

SEX GANG CHILDREN

NEXT MONTH the world! At the time of writing, the Sex Gang Children stand at No.2 in the indie LP chart with 'Song And Legend' and if that wasn't enough the group have two singles in the indie charts as well, 'Beasts' at No.14 and 'Into The Abyss' at No.25. World domination can't be far away.

pic by LFI

LINDSAY McLENNAN (ATTAK)

IT MIGHT look as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth but Lindsay McLennan is the drummer with the Derbyshire based Attak and the band, whose last single, 'Murder On The Subway', has, as we say dahn Souf, done bleedin' triffic! Attak are creating more of their total chaos in the studio at the moment recording their debut album, 'Zombies', which should be out in the not too distant future. The group are also looking for another guitarist to give them a heavier sound.

pic by Tony Mottram

DEAD MAN'S SHADOW

pic by Erica Echenberg

WITHOUT A SHADOW OF DOUBT

MICK MERCER and Dead Man's Shadow are positive about that

WELL OKAY . . . I'll concede that of the *positive* bands around there are a few that can be called punk but the most positive of all in my book are this bunch. Whilst the last two years has seen punk bands putrefying in all the most degrading shop windows the faithful Dead Man's Shadow have surged onwards, ever onwards, totally disregarding the loathesome fashion consciousness of other bands and never once hiding their light under a bushell. So to speak.

To cut a long story short, in response to furious gestures from readers at home, I'll have to tell you only this. The band now stand ready to grab the punk audience by the ears and say 'We are the ones', because they are. There isn't one punk band that holds a candle to them in my opinion . . . and you know I'm never wrong. Just one listen to their debut album, 'The 4 P's' will put you right on that score. Out the window will sail the Anti Nowhere League album. That facial sneer, so important last year, will be replaced by something a little more humane . . . and it's about time too.

John Igoe (guitar), Matt Dagnut (bass and vocals) and Ian Fisher (drums) gradually arrive in the pub as the interview slowly winds itself into action. Midday on Sunday and a little too much alcohol under the bridge the night before means that the pace was a little slow.

Matt and Fisher, whilst indulging in a lot of head nodding never really say much. 'Tis to Good King John that the questions go and from him come the replies.

We start with their move from Rondolet Records to Expulsion Records.

"Changed company. We thought it was a good idea. It's close, Portobello Road, so we can go and see them if they f____k us around. When he said he had acts like TV Smith . . . when it's not gonna be like Rondolet, just hard core bands or whatever . . . they're signing a lot of different bands and we wanted to get away from all those bands we were being rowed in with. People who haven't heard us are thinking, 'Oh, just another thrash band' but we ain't.

"We've just been pulling punks to the gigs but hopefully if people are prepared to give us a chance and actually *listen* then we can get a wider audience. It ain't thrash music at all. If we'd kept on Rondolet with all them bands you can't expect people to fell different can you?

"Some bands don't mind that. They like it but a band like us, or someone with similar ideals, won't have a chance of going anywhere. Rondolet was turning into another No Future I reckon. Crap bands, loads of noise. We *had* to get away from that."

Do you think this false image was responsible for the lack of press coverage that you've received?

"With 'Flower In The Gun' (their last single) I reckon they got it and had it in their heads what they thought of it already and just left it on the desk." Probably thought it was thrash when it's the complete opposite. It was a well worked out song. We got one review! That was hard to take. It hurt us because we thought we were doing quite well at the time. Things were building up."

Do you think people's interest in current punk is waning at gigs.

"It's going downhill. I think a lot of them are realising it. They're buying their . . . what, four singles a week and they're exactly the same. There's only about three songs between 50 bands. They must pass them on to each other. People are starting to give other things a chance. They've started to realise there's nothing there. There's nothing new. It's crap isn't it? Maybe they've found it in the new bands everyone is on about."

Fish leaves to pick Erica up from the tube station. John laughs. "Don't worry. He hasn't said a word yet so we won't miss him," and he even tries to convince Fish that he's to wear a hideous head scarf. "We told her you'd be wearing it so that she'd recognise you." Unconvinced the Fish scurries off.

How long have you felt this disappointment with present punk and the way it was going?

I've felt that for a long time. When that new wave built up we weren't there. We were just starting and building up. We were influenced by the '77 bands. At the time we got together there were all these bands and they got big. It looked good for a while but then it was knocking out the same stuff, the same stuff, the same stuff. A lot of people have cottoned on to that but let's face it a lot haven't. They're narrow minded. You'll get really good bands like Zounds splitting up . . . that's terrible that is, they were a brilliant band but you get these crap bands selling thousands of singles. They're not accepting it and that's what's happened to us. Even as far back as 'Danger UXB' when we had that reggaish tempo change in the middle. A lot of them didn't even like that. We're still keeping our punk audience because there's a lot of punks that like us but there's a lot who just don't accept us because we're different. They just want a barrage of noise every week."

Everything is about to change, it has to change, with the release of the '4 P's' album. It's reviewed elsewhere so I won't repeat myself. It has given DMS the distinctive sound they've been after for some time.

"We're not as ignorant as to what's going on as we were before. His word (Phil Langham, the producer) was God then but now we know it's so much better. We don't *intend* to sound like anyone."

O'Higgins, (their engineer) compared you to the '77 Clash.

"Obviously we're influenced by bands like The Jam and The Clash. It's good that he compared us to them rather than the new punk bands. A few times when the producer said 'that's OK' he went, 'let's try this'. That's good. He took time over it. He didn't *have* to stay there mixing till half five in the morning. he was really good.

"A couple of tracks on the album sound a bit dated but we put them together for value as well. We're selling it for £3.99, 14 songs and it lasts for 45 minutes. That's value, for the kids that are buying our records. We didn't want the normal £5 thing. OK, it'd have been more money for us but we don't think that's important when you've

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SHADOW

FROM PAGE 5

got people on the dole who really like the band, the letter writers and that".

Are you confident about the album?

"Depends if people are prepared to try us out, to stop rowing us in with all those stereotyped bands. It's good melodic stuff . . .

(It's more than that, it's truly exceptional!) . . . That's the most important thing. More important now than ever I reckon."

If people don't start taking an interest in actual music then that's when punk *will* die isn't it?

"There's a few bands coming up who are different but the whole punk thing's pathetic. You've got all these rules laid down and kids coming along thinking, 'I've got to play like *this*'. It's a real shame. On 'Flower In The Gun' we could have written that in half an hour, knocked it out as a single and it would have done a lot. If we'd have had a mohican on the cover, all that. But no, you have to do what feels right. Musically we were progressing at the time. There's no doubt about it. If we went round the thing we could sell a load of records couldn't we? If we wanted to be like a normal punk band. But we don't. I think we'll shine through in the end. The way punk is at the moment we've gotta shine through."

One thing which has improved in the DMS way of things is the coming live activity. Rondolet hadn'y looked the word GIG up in the dictionary. So they didn't know what the band were on about. In one short burst of activity this April they'll exceed the number of gigs they did in the whole of '82!

"That was really bad. We were getting a really good following and then the gigs just stopped for about six months. We went right downhill. I had loads of letters, 'What's happened. Split up?' and I had to write back, 'No, No!'

"I dunno how we stayed together. That's the worst it's ever been. We wouldn't go to rehearsals. We'd all put on our smiling faces to our mates, saying everything's alright but we were really down. All three of us one night openly said, 'What are we doing?' It just wasn't coming together. 'Flower In The Gun' had just flopped. But you think, 'Keep going' because there's a lot of good music to put out . . . and there were a load of people interested last summer. Still is, so for our own satisfaction we'll write some good stuff. We're nowhere near reaching our musical peak yet. That keeps us going. Normally bands make three good records then they're f____cked for ideas. So we thought carry on. Especially for the letter writers, carry on for them.

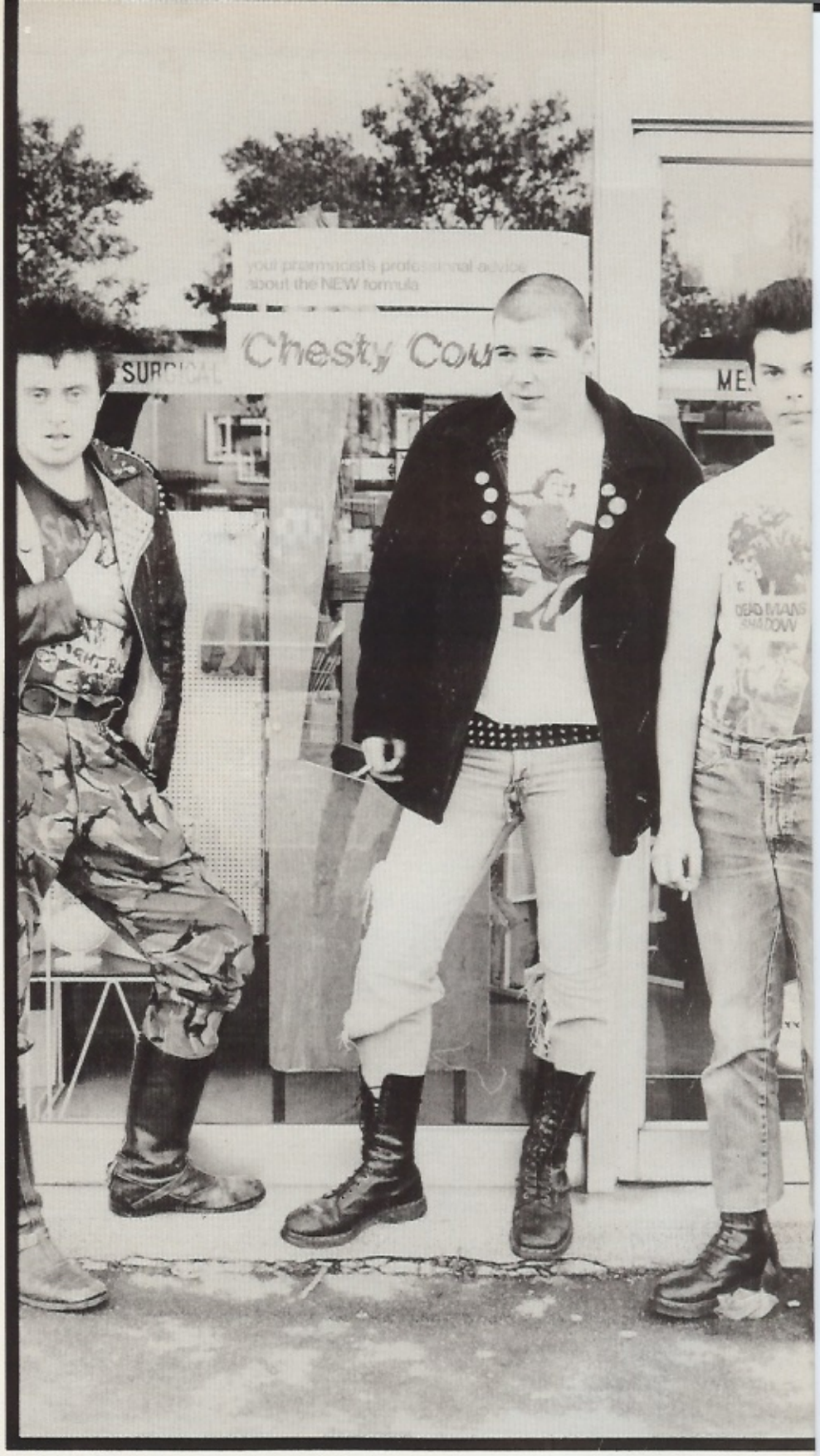
"This is the only time . . . something'll probably go wrong now . . . that everything seems to be going right. Keeping our fingers crossed anyway."

He looks to the heavens.

"Just go right for us once will you? There's all these young people who weren't there back then . . . I'm talking like I'm 40 years old or something . . . and they think that punk's just 'Durr, durr, durrrrrr' and it's not. We're confident that we'll show them. It's f____king annoying when you see crap bands up there."

We discuss the advent of 'Positive Punk' as some are calling the current upsurge of different bands whose one common link is their real excitement.

"I think they chose the wrong bands. I reckon Newton Neurotics, Action Pact, Redskins, The Mob . . . they're really good."



pic by Erica Echenberg

What about the 'Crass' side of things?

"I like Flux and the way they work but they're all just patting each other on the back. Musically they've not done much, no changes at all. I respect Crass for what they've done, it's good, but the bands of their ilk have just got their own little audience and that's not good enough.

"There's been positive bands around who haven't got a mention. I can't see how singing about "being in the graveyard" is being positive. Maybe I've misinterpreted what's been said but they all look the same and sing about the same things. I'm not saying they aren't good bands but I don't think they're being all *that* positive."

And then came Erica. The camera was out and the lads led away. Dead Man's have fought constantly to avoid the guidelines of others. It is as though they instinctively know what is right and honest because they have yet to do anything even remotely mundane. Everyone of you should demand to listen to 'The 4 P's'. It's going to change a lot of your preconceptions and it'll certainly change your life for the better.

Off you go.

SKIN DEEP

Dr Syn gets to the bottom of The Membranes

THE MEMBRANES, or 'The Membranes' as they are known up North, are one of those bands that flicker in your awareness. One of those bands that, when mentioned, cause you to wrinkle your brow, heave a gate at the old man caressing his borders in the garden opposite and funble uneasily for memories. One of those bands that you can't quite recall with clarity. They've been around a long time, they've had the occasional flirtation with the media and they've done the occasional gig here or there. They've been in a torrent of fanzines and they've written their own and yet . . . hardly anybody has even heard of them. They are the nomads of the Blackpool coastline.

In an attempt to bring them to life, your life, I dragged them into a cafe a couple of days after a ball, then a dog, then the dog's owner and then finally half the town's police force all threw themselves into the sea never to return.

Had the little bastards had anything to with it I asked?

"Well," drawled John Robb the most persistently shaven of the trio, "the good news at the moment is that the dog got the ball."

That'll make them popular.

The Membranes, or 'those bastard dog haters' as they are known down south, were in a feeble mood. They slumped dreamily in their chairs and surveyed the inside of their empty tea cups with remarkable concentration. They were asleep! Well, almost. Never one to be deterred, particularly by such ne'er do wells as these picadors, I demanded they pour out their life stories for me to read and from this cold, hard clinical facts about their past and their future could be attained. And this was done. It makes alarming reading, as you're about to find out.

Historically, band wise rather than the life and death of Sir Walter Raleigh, the boys are short and succint. It goes . . .

The Membranes wanted to be in a fanzine so they started their own (Blackpool Rox). They also wanted a regular live venue for the countless number of Blackpool bands so the Vinyl Drip Club came into being every Monday night (and has since closed, albeit temporarily). Records have been the 'Blackpool Rox', a four track EP featuring their songs 'Ice Age' and tracks by Section 25, Syntax and K.T. Set, a 'flexible membrane' two track (Fashionable Junkes' and 'Almost Gina') flexi disc, 'Muscles/ALL Roads Lead To Norway/Entertaining Fiends' and 'Pin Stripe Hype'.

The three individual members, Coofy Sid, drums; John Robb, bass/vocals and Mark 'Tilly' Tilton, guitar, freed from the emotional trammels of the scruffy interviewer, expressed their heartfelt beliefs in some of the appalling handwriting it's ever been my misfortune to encounter. Thanks be to god and to Peter Cushing who rose from a dusty armchair and peered over the rims on his tiny glasses. To him went the task of translation.

COOFY.

"The Membranes want to get people up off their backsides, not to get caught in the mortgage marriage. We aim to show you what excitement really is when you see us live. WE WANT TO GIVE YOU THAT CERTAIN UGHH!! WOW!! when we play. Being in the Membranes is an obsession not a hobby. We intend to blow shit out of all the big name chart bands."

(I think I'll skip attending the last threat chaps. Will that be okay?)

JOHN ROBB.

"Being northern and now reputed for wildish live shows everybody is now saying "Are you sex gang billy boys" but we deny, although our ears are enjoying the noise these combos are issuing forth. The nearest thing to us on this earth are The Cravats (coming soon in Punk Lives . . . the still-awake Dr. Syn).

VESTA TILLY.

This peculiar girl sent her own questions and then provided her own answers. I'll be out of a job soon. (Or maybe not . . . the endless dots implying that I fear no competition from this particular lass.)

1. Why discord?
2. What is a live band?
3. Why do you have a quiff?
4. Are the Mems a pop band?
5. Political etc?
6. What are the songs about?
9. Will these boys make it?
10. Blackpool Roxzine. Explain?
11. Should a band sweat live?

1. Our music is aggressive deliberately. What's more aggressive than a good horrible discord?

2. We're too special to be arrogant. We're Deffo a live band. Live music is the only 'true music' — pure, honest. All the mistakes. Records never quite make it for me.

3. I suppose it looks silly. It's certainly not a pro hair-do. It's home cultivated and crappy.

4. 'Pop' means popular so at the moment I guess we're not.

5. We care, so we are political. No pretensions. We're middle class. Are you laughing yet? Ha! Ha! 'Middle class boys playing at being in a pop group'? We're human. We still scream like everybody else. We have feelings and problems. Christ, what a bore.

6. A song should be a little embarrassing in a way. We write about our pathetic generation. Yes, pathetic. Just as pathetic as any other generation that's been before. Our generation; the so called revolutionaries are punks too full of beer and pills. This is the most conservative generation for years.

9. I hope so. We write our favourite songs, so in that respect we have made it. To me it's more important to write great songs than to be successful.

10. It just says one thing . . . 'Take Notice!' (Must get a bit repetitive . . . D.S.) It demanded attention for the bands in Blackpool. It was attention that they deserved.

11. Well I'm not going tostart measuring the sweat output of live bands. When we play live I tend to overheat and go bright red.

So there we have it. On the outside a rare bloom. Mental kids with a penchant for Molesworth 2 and the seamier side of life. But on the inside, a mental penchant life of bloom rare and Molesworth kids seamier with the side for a 2.

pic by Ian 'T' Tilton

MEMBRANES: Ha! Ha! Laugh, we're middle class

REVIEWED BY KILTY McGUIRE

Singles

A SLOW sense of exhilaration uncontrollably surged through my veins — it was no use, I *knew* I'd have to do the singles reviews. You see, the best, most important, eagerly awaited bit of vinyl was lying in my lap. It purred, it shimmied and bedazzled and its name was Blood & Roses — *le problem de le moment* was, "how can I be remotely kind to the rest with *this* to judge them by." When they're good they're good, and then the ones that aren't so bad get torn to pieces.

Turn around, every day I pray a little. . .

The psychotic Banshee/Crampsian guitar and drums mix blinds ones objectivity and it's from the loins that one dances — one loses perspective and willingly passes through that door. That door marked 'For Mad Men Only'.

BLOOD AND ROSES: 'Necromantra'/'Spit Upon Your Grave'/'Love Under Will'/'Necromantra' (extended). (Kamera Records 12" EP).

The mood is to brood, and also to EXPLODE into little pieces. A mosaic of unimagined ferocity as the thundering bass-line of 'Love Under Will' takes a hold — a song like this will do for Magick (*"ou est tu?"*) what the anscentral 'Anarchy In The UK' did for truancy. Beat my brains out if I'm wrong but never expect the spirit to die. Ever. Glorious and I shall say no more.

I can't help it, 'Necromantra' is a slow, chant-along slab of powerful imagery — the extended version is wicked beyond belief if you get into it. If not you may snort in bored disgust but you will be wrong my friend. So wrong you'll cringe when it hits you — don't worry about it.

Whipping up storms of unavoidable interest are Sisters of Mercy, Ritual, Ruefrex and Part 1. Superficially for disparate, ultimately the same, reasons — it seems everything I'm beginning to like turns to the Stars (as in night-sky rather than 'Night out with . . .).

Turn around, everyday I die a little . . .

RITUAL: 'Kangaroo Court'/'Brides'/'Conscript'/'Questioning The Shadow'. (Red Flame Records).

When Kirk Brandon forgot why he was involved in this whole stupid game his spirit, *the* spirit of Theatre of Hate, was set adrift on the tides of chance. Today we can announce RITUAL gave that lost soul a home to recuperate in; and Mother, how can you keep them down on the farm now?

"With your painted names on leather,
Writhing in the heat to the music,
The words ringing in your ears,
Understanding more each time,
Opinions drummed in your brain,
Till those beliefs are yours,
Are yours.
Then on the streets again,
You're the picture on the sleeve,
Acting out anothers thoughts,
But did You understand?
Remembering what they used to be,
How have you come through all of this?".
('Questioning The Shadow')

Will it mean anything if I say the words complement the deceptively lacksadasical, musical accompaniment? Ritual have blossomed into something I'm sure even they don't understand, they can't quite grasp why THIS is *better,* so much better than Spear of Destiny's CBS release.

Turn around, and sometimes everyday I cry a little . . .

RUEFREX: 'Capital Letters'/'April Fool' (Kabuki Records KAR7).

I could cry for a band like this who turn their hand to a couple of tunes unsurpassed, in their field of sub SLFian torment and power. I mean who is going to care that this is so good when they come from Belfast and have no Kid Jensen promotional appeal.

The power we lovingly remember as 'punk' lives through an undoubtedly ALIVE socket there is passion, there is a willingness to escape the boundaries of three-chord acceptance here. To escape without avoiding the menace that made us what we are.

If Kabuki Records can show us that Irish talent is STILL alive and well then we can but tip our rary hats to the old bods. (Kabuki being set up in London by an ex-patriate Irishman to showcase talent from the misunderstood patch of green).

Meanwhile back on the mainland . . .

PART 1: 'Funeral Parade'/'Graveyard Song'/'Ghost'/'Dalem' (Paraworm Records).

Punk psychedelia bites back, aggressive and compelling, this Milton Keynes based group have a daring attitude, both in attitude and sleeve artwork that many a well-known band should take note of.

Their sound is based around some incredible guitar histrionics (involving phasing and distortion) and a Killing Joke influenced vocalist. It cost me 60 pence and lasts well over the 10 minute margin. As usual, the good things you can't describe and the bad things you don't want to. This is good, there is potential and they seem to enjoy themselves as they progress through the five tracks (plus the opener revisited as a fade out).

Where are they, who are they? May these questions be answered.

Turn around, I see your bright eyes . . .

SISTERS OF MERCY: 'Anaconda'/'Phantom' (Merciful Release Records MR019).

I sit here, the sun is now upon the horizon as I look out the window, deadlines for this whole piece loom hours closer and still I play 'Phantom'. Reclining in my chair as its soothing and hypnotic rhythms wash over me and my worries. As an instrumental it beats their vocalised, more superficially determined songs into the proverbial make-up bag.

"Ethereal," I was heard to mutter, sharp contrast to the bitter recollections poured out on the A-side, 'Anaconda', which points to Sisters claiming the Bau-Haus tag, when the men make space for the boys. They get better and better but Jesus, their singer is hard to take — if charisma is the criteria he's lost his dictionary — however the bastard can sing a song.

Let's make it last.

Turn around, every now and then I feel the whole world turning . . .
and Public Image enthusiasm rides again with . . .

PRESSURE: 'You Talk, We Talk'/'Shoot' (Anagram Records).

You listen to this and you think, "Christ, whatever happened to Public Image?" Then you remember how they willingly collapsed into that turgid electro-plod mess, and then wonder if this lot Pressure want to really be the same as that.

Jangly guitar and great vocal over a fresh and inspiring rhythm section — I must say no more in case I feel let down by their future releases.

Listen for it.

Until I see that look in your eyes . . .

And then there was SHOCKABILLY.

SHOCKABILLY: '19th Nervous Breakdown'/'City Of Corruption' (Rough Trade RT 127).

If biscuits are to be taken, Shockabilly stomp on them and god-DAMMIT, they're only dancing contorted and twisted upon the entire packet!

It's an acquired taste, trashobilly psychopathic rhythmic love taken to demanding extremes — either the best or the worst Cramps acolytes to emerge in full festering nonchalance. New York, these are your children! I don't even have to say it's *not* a 'cover version' — it's a thigh-slapping MUTILATION.

Love it or give it to me.

Every now and then I fall apart . . .

THE VERY THINGS: 'The Gong Man'/'The Colours (Are Speaking To Me)' (Corpus Christi Records. Christ Its 2).

Grotesque, punk, psychedelia was the anticipatory cry. And, OK, it was all of those . . . but it's still no frugelhorning good. A gruff voice and self-conciously frenetic phasing unit leaves us jiving back to the slocking Shockabilly.

So much for this crew, The Cravats under another name still play as duff.

Every now and then I fall apart . . .

THE VIBRATORS: 'Baby Baby'/'Dragnet' (Anagram Records ANA 4).

A rejuvenated working of perhaps Knoxe's climatic moment in his songwriting career. It *sounds* like a classic, a scarf-waving whippersnapper of a tune which looks (looked?) ridiculous when leather-jacketed macho-lavender punks pogo to it. He must feel embarrassed to re-record it as a last ditch waltz toward success.

C'est la pizazz.

Give it to me, Bright eyes . . .

ACTION PACT: 'People'/'Times Must Change'/'Sixties Flix' (Fall Out Records FALL 010).

It's strange, somehow when you have a female vocalist the guitarist works *with* rather than *against* her — in a male-singer situation it's like a battle-ground of who is stronger. George, Action Pact chantuese, comes into her own on 'Times Must Change' when she relaxes enough to not need to 'rant' like on the A-side. Another single I'll play and play without realising how much I need it.

Beki Bondage must cringe each time she hears one of these type of singles, both we and she know how much she could be doing if she only tried. *C'est la mort de la hysterique.*

Once upon a time I was falling in Love . . .

FIVE GO DOWN TO THE SEA: 'Fishes For Compliments'/'Elephants For Fun & Profit'/'There's A Fish On Top Of Sandra'/'Swears He's Elvis'/'Why Wait Until April'. (Kabuki Records KA 5).

"Birthday Party meets sort of country and western," I was promised. Promised? My mouth watered all the way until I found a record player.

A charm exudes but not for us, too much John Peel melancholy with hip disdain, I could grow to love it if need be — luckily I carry my bed-roll in London and not John O' Groats and I can see bands night and night who tell me the truth.

Nice try lads but no banana — stop reading books and learn desperation, I can say that here but I *am* on your side.

These days I laugh at the start . . .

ANTHRAX: 'P.P.B.'/'Got It All Wrong'/'Exploitation'/'What Will Tomorrow Bring?' (Small Wonder SMALL 27).

The face turns red, the voice gets blustery and everything (we are assured) is "committed". Hit it lads, hit it and never let reviewers like me stop you — it takes a strong commitment to thrashabout politics to listen to this for pleasure, but that's no-one's problem save the ignorant. Okay, hard-core, weak-vocal production and I can't pretend I'll ever play such a single EVER again.

It still hurts, the total eclipse of my heart.

THE EJECTED: 'Noise For The Boys' EP (Riot City Records RIOT 19).
THE SATELLITES: 'Nightmare'/'New Holy War'/'Dance Macabre' (Kamera Records ERA 16).
ONE WAY SYSTEM: 'Jeruselam'/'Jakie Was A Junkie' (Anagram Records ANA 5).

Why?

We all have our crosses to bear, sometimes too near and sometimes others hear but it doesn't help does it?

One Way System picture a soldier carrying crucifixes and baby it sums it up — if someone can show me ONE reason why these records will be important to anyone other than their respective mothers in even six months time, please let me know. I'm willing but unable to dance to the children of our dreams.

Blah blah blah, oh for auralities sake play BLOOD & ROSES again.

Let thy ears guide thee to paradise, or hell. Wherever thee land — enjoy, above all, enjoy it all.

And as I sit here, just an old unrepentant punk bellowing angrily at his record player we'd better bring this page to some kind of noisy finish.

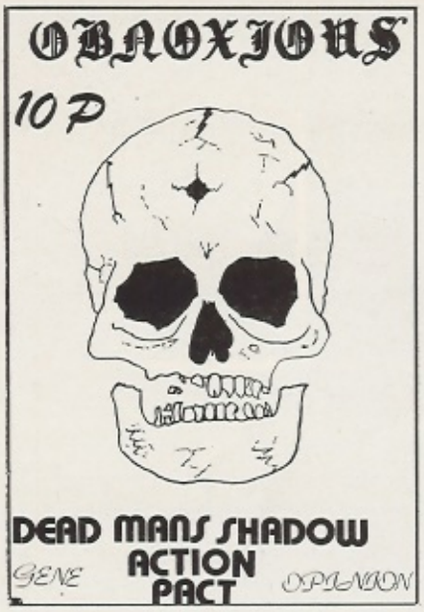
●All singles mentioned available or avoidable at Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11. (Along with most other hard to get singles of indepenent origin). With any enquiries please send SAE.

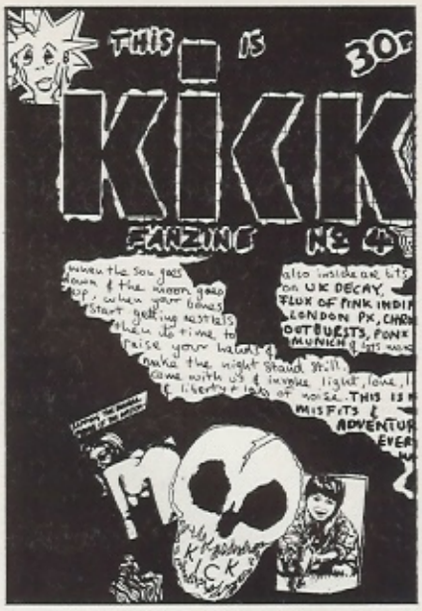
WE NEED YOUR SINGLES

You know as well as we do that Punk Lives can't survive without you. There are hundreds of singles and tapes released every week without anyone getting a chance to hear about them. If you are an independent record label, band or whatever and you've got a punk record out then send it to us for review. Remember, we can only help you if you help us. Send your singles/tapes to: Punk Lives, 'Singles', 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London, N1.

FANZINES

MICK MERCER gives you the low-down on how to put them together





OF MANY hue, with addled innards the fanzines continue to pour onto the streets of Great Britain, purporting to be alternative media (and in most cases succeeding), a natural part of the music scene. As natural as a Bananarama record clogging the charts. As a pair of magpies nestling by the riverbank (the romance) and I suspect that to most people the workings of such magazines are pretty much common knowledge. If not then this article serves well as an introduction. It may provide the spark that convinces you to investigate the underworld of dodgy print and find your feet. Either way it is only a guide and you'll learn more by experience than anything else. Everyone makes mistakes, but with the mistakes I've already made I should be able to help you avoid some.

It was William Caxton who started it all way back when, knocking out a quick mag every now and again, experiencing the thrill of seeing ideas speeding into print, and being more than a festering rat bag he said (and I quote from a wholly unreliable source) "Don't just sit there, anyone can do this. You can. And form your own band while you're about it." (Shirley some moustache here? — Confused Ed).

And suddenly the buggers are everywhere, littering the highways. Xeroxed sheets of scorn in zero streets of shame. Mark P and his 'Sniffing Glue' (actually a pretty boring mag) has become recognised as a former doyen of fanzines but we'll ignore the history if you don't mind.

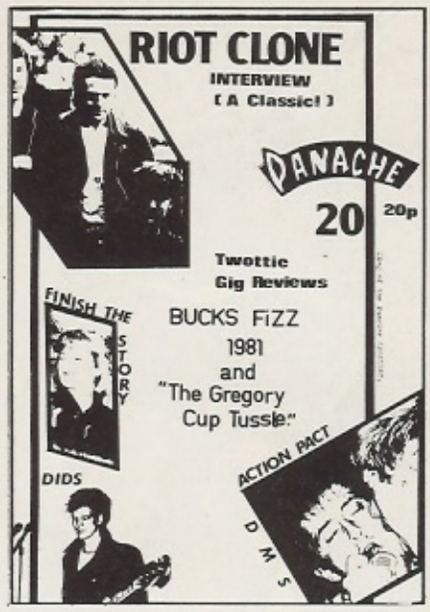
To put it simply all you actually need are ideas and a printer. But there are other sides as well. Here is your list.

1) Equipment.
2) Ideas.
3) Printer.
4) Photos.
5) Interviews.
6) Sales.
7) One legged dwarf.
8) Extras.

Equipment is down to a black biro/fibre tip and a typewriter, sheets of A-4 paper and some glue. Easy enough. Never use a blue pen because it won't show up when printed. But for some reason red ink does. Strange world.eh?

Your best bet is to look at a few fanzines and then work out what one you think looks closest to how you want yours to be. Armed with this, off round your local printers you go (compiling a vast list from the yellow pages) and demand to know how much it will cost for 100, 200, 500 or a 1,000 copies based on the example fanzines you take with you. Work out how much each page costs to get done (most fanzines these days are printed on both sides) and then you can easily work out total cost. Ask how much other things cost, like colour printing (which only involves changing their printing ink from black to red, or green, or whatever), stapling (it's actually better to do this yourself even if it is high time consuming) and how they can treat your photos. There is a process called litho printing which brings your photos up as good as the oroginal when it reaches print. For this you pay a fair amount more and when beginning it's advisable to use good photocopies of your pictures and stick them down on original art work. The reproduction quality won't be particularly brilliant on these, say 75 per cent, but it will certainly suffice until you're financially organised, to do something better. Always leave the top half inch of the page blank because printing machinery demands this space, and a quarter of an inch down the side for the staples.

Interviews are easily achieved and I'd imagine you know what you want to ask. Try nabbing people as early as possible at gigs and asking to chat between bands, or afterwards if the band are amicable (about 90 per cent are) or take an address and make an almighty trek. This is always



something you have to suss out yourself. Never think you can't get a name *band for your fanzine because here again most people sem to enjoy fanzine interviews, often more than ones with the standard music press. It's a much easier atmosphere for a start. The only thing which understandably bores artists is the constant 'When did you form?' questioning that so many people still seem to go into. Get some great questions and take it from there. It's all so easy.*

Sales are a bit tricky, but for your first issue, before you get it printed, make sure you know roughtly how many you will sell.

Go first to your friends and ask how many they'll take. Investigate local newsagents, record shops, gigs (ask first before you sell them there to avoid a bouncer's boot between your tender parts) and big shops like Rough Trade.

You should easily be able to sell a good few hundred if you've got a couple of local gigs, and by naturally including local news you're on your way. Then get that amount printed. Better to sell out and have people asking for back issues that you can't supply than having five hundred copies laying around your room. A lot of people make that mistake!

Printers, incidentally, come in all types and sizes. The smaller the outfit the more chance of developing a good rapport with them and the more care and attention your mag will receive . . . and there's always the local community printers who go wild (sometimes) at the chance to get involved with a project that they'll see as socially aware (and all the pretentious drivel these people often come out with). You can usually get a cheaper quote for printing and although the quality night not be quite so good it can be worth starting there. You can also rip them off if you're smart but we won't go into that. Not a bit of it.

The One Legged Dwarf. Well, unfortunately he's scuttled away since I started typing this so we'll never know just what the part he plays in the great history of fanzines. Shame that.

Extras are accrued by shoddy bowling in a cricket match.

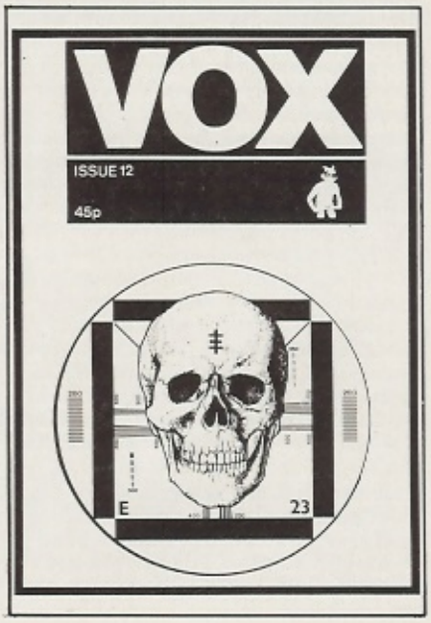
The main thing to push when discussing fanzines is the relative ease with which such an idea can be accomplished. It really is simple. You learn about more complicated things as you go along, although you might wish to keep the mag simple, which is just as good. Certain care and attention must be taken with layout. If it's crap when you take it to the printer, it'll be printed crap and a typing ribbon that has been in your typewriter since the siege of Maffeking will not serve you particularly well. The clearer the print the better.

Your ideas should be your own because you'll want people to regard your fanzine as something special and to identify with each issue. You might also like to experiment with 'reduced type'. Simply type out your columns of writing and then get a good instant print shop to reduce it by 25 per cent. You then cut these out and stick them on to the original artwork, and by cramming more in you give better value for money.

I shall naturally finish the article with a plug for my own fanzine, Panache, unless the Ed decimates this paragraph with gleeful malice. For a mere one pound plus s.a.e. envelope to 129 Clare Road, Stanwell, Staines, Middlesex, TW19 7DT — you'll be sent the last four issues, which, amongst their saintly covers include interviews/articles on/with Action Pact, Dead Man's Shadow, The Cravats, The Dancing Did, Danse Society, UK Decay, Riot Clone, and many more. The issues have also had several different kinds of layout which might aid would be fanzine writers in choosing their initial field to work within. Any one currently doing a fanzine should send a copy to Punk Lives as we intend to review them each issue.

Good luck (and all that guff) and heed the advice of old Caxton.

DO YOU HAVE A FANZINE?
Each month Punk Lives intends to take a look at the fanzines that come out regularly. If you want a bit of publicity, send us a copy of your fanzine with the address from where it can be obtained and the price of it. Send your fanzine to: 'Fanzines', Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.



REBEL ROU

But Lee Wilson, vocalist with Infa-Riot, has got it under control.

IF YOU'VE never heard the name Martin Hooker, then you haven't been reading your music papers properly (or if you've got any sense, you don't buy any of them anyway), because Martin Hooker is the main man behind Secret Records, and he is responsible for much of today's punk output, vinyl-wise. Just look at the people he's helped along the way, The Exploited, Chron Gen, 4-Skins, The Gonads, The Business (who've re-signed to Secret) and, of course, last but not least . . . Infa-Riot.

If you're looking for a character recommendation for Mr Hooker, then look no further than Lee Wilson, vocalist and motivating force behind Infa-Riot, who, as manager of the said group, is cautiously praiseworthy of his record company's boss.

Says Lee: "He's done a lot to help a lot of punk bands, he's not the kind of bloke to sit in an office all day, filling out forms, he's really committed. When one of his bands goes on the road, he always goes to nearly all of the gigs.

"He's made Secret a very close-knit organisation as well. When a band from the label goes out on tour, it's always someone from Secret who does the support. In a way it's a bit like a family."

During 1982, Lee had been one of the main people to benefit from Mr Hooker's benevolence. Infa-Riot achieved a vital amount of national exposure when they toured on the "Dead Cities" jaunt of The Exploited. On most of the nights they played they usually had an appreciative audience of around a thousand.

This was the third tour that Infa Riot had done and it succeeded in consolidating their reputation as leaders (if Wattie doesn't mind me saying so) of the new wave of British punks.

It's not surprising that all this attention has made an impression on another wave of punks forming bands, who have looked to Infa-Riot as an inspiration. It's not surprising that Lee finds himself inundated with demo tapes from bands eager to force their way into the punk spotlight.

Lee: "I get about 20, 25 cassettes a week sent to me with letters saying 'we're a band called such and such and can you give us any help'. When we tour we have mostly local supports, so I can pick from the cassettes all the good bands who I wouldn't mind playing with us." Some of the bands who have raised their heads from this inadvertent talent scouting are people like The Expelled, One Way System and Instant Agony.

Infa-Riot's reputation has not only been boosted by their seemingly never-ending gig schedule, but also by the release of their hard debut LP, 'Still Out Of Order', which any self-respecting punk will have had firmly entrenched in their record collection since last August. Its success, in terms of record sales, meant that Infa-Riot are a fairly self-sufficient unit — or to put it on layman's terms, they're making a small living from playing music.

Lee: "I'm making a living, not an easy fantastic living, it's not as a wage but every month there's usually something there if we wring Martin's neck for it."

However, away from the comfortable career progress of Infa-Riot, both of us admitted to a concern for the future of punk 'as opposed to the hippydom of Crass etc). Many promising bands look like splitting up. We both hope that fast and furious punk, aka Ramones, Buzzcocks, Exploited, will still have a place among all the semi-punk (for want of a better phrase) bands such as UK Decay, Bauhaus, Southern Death Cult, Sex Gang Children.

How did Lee see the way ahead?

"I'm not too worried when I hear bands are splitting up, because there are plenty of others who have been waiting in the background to take their place. Hopefully all these bands will build and build on those that have been before and will learn from each other's mistakes, until it will eventually get to the point where punk hits the charts."

One way, I suggest, of punks getting into the charts is the tried and tested way of signing to a major label, usually on the band's own terms (such as The Banshees did). Did Lee consider this kind of move "selling out"?

"Soon as you sign to any label you've supposedly 'sold out', look at Secret for instance, their distribution's done by Virgin and their pressing and mastering by CBS. It's not far off a major itself. It would be better if punk bands could get onto majors and subvert from the inside."

Like many others, Lee feels there is a huge gap between the punk of Infa-Riot, Chron Gen, Erazerhead and Co to that of Crass, Dirt and the Epping commune-brigade.

Lee: There are two kinds of punk, Crass is just one part of punk. I'm not interested in it. The audiences seem to be different as well. They're not interested in each other. I've heard Flux of Pink Indians and I think they're quite good, but what do they want, why are they not in the papers or whatever, there are no rules which say you have to be, but why not?

"You can only like a band when you see their attitudes and see what they've got to say. It's no good making great records but in a way showing that you hate their fans they have a duty towards them."

Lee doesn't have much time for anarchy ("I think it's pretty stupid"), thinking that the ideal of pure anarchy will never work, thinking that the whole idea would be pure chaos.

SER

What about rebellion?

Lee: "When punk started, being sick was outrageous until people saw drunks doing it. You can be rebellious in your own way you don't have to go around smashing up everything, just to be a rebel within yourself. I've got a bit of a rebel in me, but I don't go around smashing things up."

Infa-Riot have been going for over two years and before Secret came along they'd been offered a couple of other record deals, but never found any label with their interests at heart. Once managed by the infamous Jock McDonald, Infa-Riot fled the shelter of the punk entrepreneur's wings and opted to be managed by Lee.

So far, the Riot boys have only played in this country thanks to a last minute tour cancellation when they planned to do the States with The Exploited. Unlike many bands, they have yet to tour Europe.

Lee: It looks as though I'm going to have to set up any European tour myself, because our agent doesn't seem to be coming up with any dates. They're just mucking around, it took them a month to get four gigs for us, so I told them to forget it. When it came to organising the British tour, I got nine gigs in a day.

"It's harder to get an agency deal than it is to get a record deal for a punk band. Picking up a record contract is a lot easier than trying to convince someone to put a tour together for you."

Still, Lee has managed what many punk bands have failed to do — that is arrange a tour for themselves — and when they come near your town, you'd be well advised to go and see them and sample their fighting, furious but disciplined punk. You'll see that although they're still out of order, where order means sticking to the values of society, but have set up their own kind of new order (no pun intended).

LPs

pic by Val

THE MOB: refuse to settle down

THE MOB: 'Let The Tribe Increase' (All The Madmen Records).

AMIDST THE meagre bitching, both from the oh so theoretical anarchist politicians *and* their detractors, the whole idea of joyous CHANGE is sometimes forgotten. The cruddy intellectual stance which demands, "but if . . ." too often serves as a mental block against the possibility of "if only . . ." *"do not suffer my children, let them walk through that door"* please The Mob in their optimism, preferring to let personal commitment take the place of wordy discussion and somehow someway it works.

When even the hardest anarcho core of front-runners encourage feathering of the next rather than furthering of the rest you just know it's time for some *Ching;* some mind change to disgorge the myriad black/white cartoon rebellions acted out on vinyl by too many so called do-gooders.

Yes folks this is where The Mob, unpredictable changlings who refuse to settle down, wander in from the wastrel-land with this, their self-financed album — and they are laughing. In that laughter you hear an active commitment which will stand long after the echoes of the surrounding empty blustering has faded into yesterday's yellowing bad dream.

Never acceptable to the clutching demands of Anarchist, post-Crass commerciability, never understood by 'lads together' factions demanding "worker unity" (the DHSS financing their every chide) — The Mob grasp the essence of everything that has so-far escaped categorisation. You have folk, you have raucous, you even have psychedelia; not forgetting of course the demon Anarcho-punk which flies here unabated as the crescendo reaches its peak.

Give it a name and it changes, the sticky labels can but surround it, never stopping its beating heart — it's danced too long to sit in a box on days like this.

The serious politico's turned in their grave, dedicated journalists turned in their pencils; The Mob become undescribable and a thousand doors open — if the cry is for passion they're there. Go. **KILTY McGUIRE**

DEAD MAN'S SHADOW: 'The 4 P's' (Expulsion)

AND WHEN the thick set punk glares and beats savagely upon his Chaotic Dischord tattoo you can glare back and thrust this up his nose. It is recorded penicillin. It will do the trick.

And when the wimpy wispy student sneers and opens his anorak wide to reveal a sky blue Thompson Twins T-shirt you can staple this to his upper lip and watch as he veers dangerously into the road, his view obscured by the precariously flapping front cover, the Dead Man's Shadow spirit at work wherever he walks.

And when the Heavy Metal fan snorts with derision you do nothing, because nothing *can* be done for these people.

When the city gent offers to grapple with your thighs you force this between his teeth and wonder just how a city gent got into the review.

Good god man, I've just been playing this album over and over again. Swayed by the excellence of it all my mind is wandering. Things do that sometimes don't they? This does. Strage or stupid though it may sound, the more I play this album the more I *want* to play it. There's no errors there, I meant the sentence to be exactly that. In a way I've developed a *craving* for this album.

T'other day I stared glumly at the Indie chart and noticed the amount of records being shifted by the very shiftiest of bands. I had to laugh through exasperation when I knew for a fact that none of them had ever managed, and never will, to create one song as good as *any* featured on this album. I mean, fair do's skipper. You can take your rancid punk bands and stretch them on the rack but it won't do any good.

They still won't be in an achieving mood. You could blow D.M.S's heads off and I suspect they'd still be carving out immaculate tunes. This album is non-stop brilliance. It has to be the best punk album you'll buy this year. It's certainly better than any album released last year and that's a fact. A fact.

Michaelangelo Igoe on guitar, Vincent Van Fish on drums and Leonardo Da Dagnut on bass, carefully bringing about their own renaissance in punk circles. This album is packed not only with versatility and ingenuity but power, energy (of the explosive kind) and tartling melodic strenth. The powder keg you've been waiting for.

Anyone with half a brain cell is aware of the band's musical talents but I confess that even I was surprised when I heard the vinyl eventuality of some songs that they'd allowed me to hear in rehearsal. The studio has changed these boys. They've broken all the punk barriers with this one. John, whilst getting excited about it one night, let slip that there were some surprises and it's probably just as well that he did. If he hadn't this review would be coming to you courtesy of the guost of Dr. Syn. I defy anybody to listen to the ending of 'Greed', for example, and then say that they are not impressed. And if they do say that their heads are then immersed in concrete and a bundle of Riot City singles are theirs to keep. Forever. Welded to their nipples.

Even the older material here, which John admits is somewhat dated, has so much *more* to offer than their Indie chart counterparts. The newer material is simply beyond compare.

For your education I shall tell you that the older tracks include 'Neighbours' from their deleted first EP, 'Danger UXB' from the unavailable, though soon (?) to be re-born 'Heathrow Touchdown' EP, 'When Our Blood Is Spilled' and 'Think For Yourself' which dates from 'Bomb Scare' days.

Two tracks, 'Greed' and 'Action' (an obsolute classic) are old numbers that have been transformed and now bang furiously upon your mental door demanding a welcome that they most certainly deserve.

Many of the songs reflect the development that is always going on in the D.M.S. camp; vicious little guitar lines swaying around and biting your ears, drum beats that roll so effectively it's sea sickness that puts you into motion and bass lines that sweep you up and carry you away. TO HEAVEN.

Songs that have such dashing turns of rhythm and internal dynamics that you actually find yourself getting too excited for your own good.

See here people, there are simply too many different touches of real class on this album for me to list. Each song would require a page and that can't happen. I simply wipe the sweat from my brow, press the rewind button and send my copy of the tape whirling back . . . and I start all over again.

If you put the page close enough to your cloth ears you might just hear it too; something to your advantage. **DR. SYN**

URBAN DOGS: 'Urban Dogs' (Fall Out).

WHAT DOES the word 'urbane' mean . . . I'm just thinking that might be a better name for them. Or how about 'Mundane Crap'?

Too harsh, too harsh.

Whilst I sat listening to this RECORD, I was getting pretty angry for one reason or another. All the tracks were gliding gruffly by and there I was unmoved, untouched, by it all. "What a heap of old trash!", I thought to myself as guitar lines meandered on and vocals went all gritty. What a hideous chore to 'appreciate' such much as this old toss. Then suddenly something hit me. I realised that for all the inherent weaknesses and slothful reasoning this record does have more to ffer than anything else the people involved have done for ages; years in fact.

It is still the best PRODUCT that this outfit have done and it, say, beats anything that the wallpaper UK Subs have done since their first batch of singles and it certainly knocks the current Vibrators old snot into a cocked hat. Yet the fact remains that this *is* a fountain of piss. It coats people with something high unpleasant. Only the memories of something unsavoury and traditional remains.

Factwise I could saycertain things. Shall I?

Well, the opening track is some vile elongated Anti Nowhere League of Morons affair entitled 'New Barbarians' and finds the chaps hustling along like a barnacle encrusted Rolling Stones. Ditto 'Limo Life'. 'New Baptism' features the lighter vocals of Knox which certainly makes a change from the grubby Glitter man, Charlie Harper and followed by 'I Need A Slave', featuring some reasonable piano, these are actually the highlights. 'Dragnet' is tedious. 'War Babies' is riddled with appalling guitar sounds and basically the shole of side two is a slightly reshuffled side one. What else did I expect? I didn't.

Uran Dregs. **DR. SYN**

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND: 'Fetisch' (4 AD).

JUST ONE of several class albums that have been released of late, giving us the most shattering start to any year that I've known.

The Xmals should soon be over here to promote this devious object, a Lyçeum gig being spoken about in dark corners even now, and the advice is . . . BE THERE.

Any band that can make such impactive music deserves to sweep all before them. It is very rare to hear an album so immediately shattering, one which spins you around, which pins you to your chair, which haunts your dreams, which calls to you as you approach your front door, controlling your destiny for at least one further evening. 'Fetisch' is one such.

A far too simple comparison would be the Banshees world but with the Banshees unable to produce anything remotely resembling good music these days the land of female vocals laid over stirring bolsters belong to Xmal.

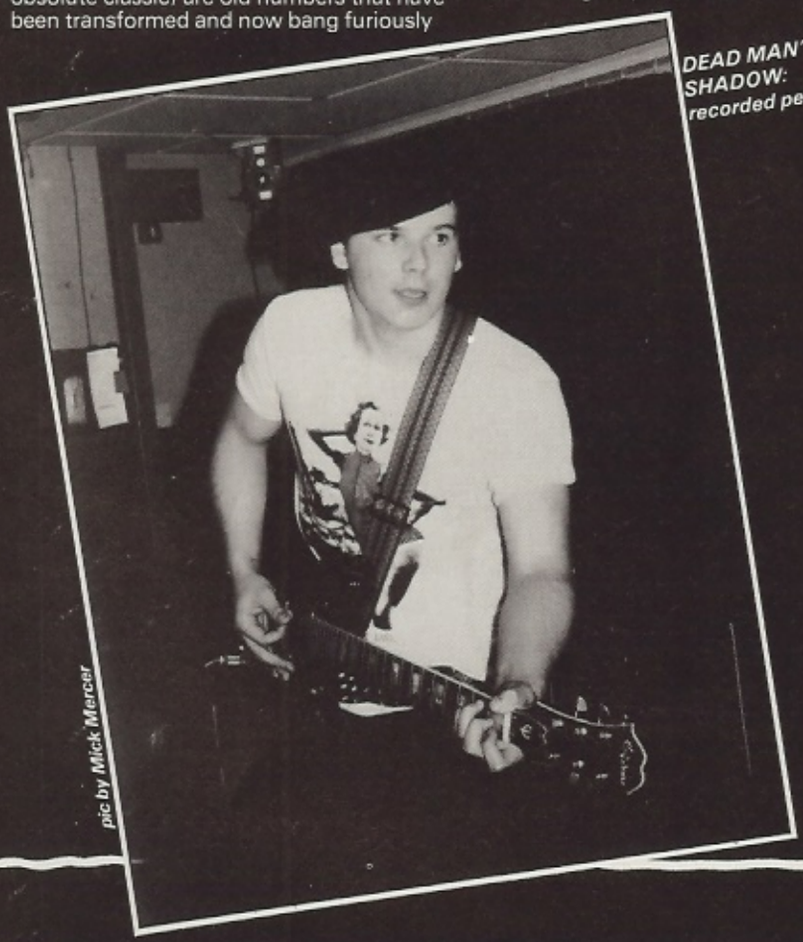
I fell in love with this the moment that 'Qual' came belching into the room, the bass and drums unsettling the china, the guitar cutting through the woodwork and the keyboards uprooting the floorboards. I was hanging precariously from a light fitting when Anja's vocals brought me down to earth.

It matters not whether the songs are fast or slow because the musicianship and actual arrangement (hey I'm dabbling with mundane technicalities here!) just FIRE up in your face. Not only that but as time goes by and you learn to love every little note you begin to unravel the insidious melodies that lay within. There's that initial SMACK and then the chance to latch on to the weaving keyboards and to pick out the bass spleen.

Live the Xmal's are sensational. Well, actually I've only seen them do one gig but that one gig was more than sufficient proof of their abilities.

It's raw power that's been channelled without losing any of the potency that you require. This album has variety stamped all over it and I'm a telling you to go out and lay down your life for a copy.

Will you? **DR. SYN**



DEAD MAN'S SHADOW: recorded penicillin

pic by Mick Mercer

Weird but wonderful

Mat Snow talks to Black Flag

THEY SAY that once upon a time America was tilted to one side and given a good shake. All the nuts ended up in California. And there, in Hermosa Beach about 30 miles south of Los Angeles, you can find the home base of Black Flag, currently the best punk group in the world . . .

Way back in '76, Greg Ginn chanced to see The Ramones at LA's Roxy, and thus inspired he formed the four-piece Panic with himself on guitar, Charles "Chuck" Dukowski on bass, Robo (since replaced by Billy) on drums and Keith Morris singing.

Panic became Black Flag, which is both an anarchist symbol *and* the name of a patent insecticide. Fifth "member" was Spot, a producer/engineer who has encouraged Black Flag from the start and masterminded most of their recordings. In 1978 he persuaded the band into the studio where their firstborn emerged blinking into the sunlight and shrieking in protest. The 'Nervous Breakdown' EP, eventually released a year later, is *quintessential* punk. It sounds as if The Clash's 'White Riot', The Pistols' 'No Feelings' and The Stooges' 'Raw Power' have been boiled up together and distilled into one lethal Molotov cocktail. Yes, *that's* good.

Black Flag weren't influenced by the '76-77' Britpunk explosion, but were its contemporaries, having roots in common. Like the Pistols, Clash, Damned and others, they'd been taking on board more arcane influences which have served to set them apart from the mainstream . . .

Would you believe Ted Nugent? Early Black Sabbath? AC/DC? Johnny Cash?

As Greg explains: "The Velvet Underground, the Detroit thing — that was one type of music we had in common in the group, but individually I always liked a lot of blues and jazz."

Greg looks like he'd crawled out from some Mid-Western garage round about the time of the Tet Offensive. Tall, pale, gangling and dishevelled, he's the exact opposite of bronzed California youth. But his amiable drawl and bemused manner conceal a psychotic musician, as Spot recalls in his sleevenotes for 'Everything Went Black'.

". . . Greg's body lurched forward as he underwent a remarkable transition from Jekyll to Hyde. His head shook, eyes flashed and teeth bared manically as he began to grind thick chords out of a guitar that in the shadowy light could have been mistaken for a chainsaw."

Greg Ginn plays the most powerful, sleek but demonically crazed guitar since the heyday of Johnny Ramone, Thunders or Steve Jones . . .

Meanwhile back on the ranch, Keith Morris left to join the Circle, Jerks, and Johnny "Bob" Goldstein took his place. Greg was feverishly writing and the band started gigging around LA.

". . . using the record ('Nervous Breakdown') as a badge of legitimacy we were finally able to get our first LA club gigs," writes Chuck Dukowski. "We played anywhere and everywhere we could and plastered the city with our posters etc. with a literal vengeance."

And that effort was rewarded. At a time when LA's contribution to the New Wave (remember that?) was minimal, there was a whole underground of (relatively) dispossessed youth waiting for hard-core talent to emerge. Black Flag and a few other pioneers satisfied that need. But then came the reaction. Chuck recalls an open-air gig in 1978.

"People threw everything from insults to watermelons, beercans, ice and sandwiches at us. Parents emptied their ice chests so that their families could throw their lunches . . . Robo's shiny head made a great target . . . Afterwards I enjoyed a lunch of delicatessen sandwiches which I found still in their wrappers."

At the same time, Black Flag were trying to make an album. But this process was dogged by personnel problems. Johnny Goldstein became disaffected with singing and quit, to be replaced by the even more volatile Ron Reyes, publicly known as Chavo Pederast. The next project was to be a 12-inch EP called 'Jealous Again'. A year in the making, it was released in the summer of 1980, by which time Chavo had already jacked in his mike.

"No food, love, beer and ego drove poor Chavo crazy," is Chuck's epitaph.

He was well out of it because 'White Minority' that caused all the trouble. Black Flag were satirising the WASP racism of well-heeled zones of California suburbia, but some people took it at face value.

" 'White Minority' wasn't a problem in LA," explains current vocalist Henry Rollins. "It's never a problem where people understand the group, our basic attitudes. It was only people who maybe got the record and never heard anything about it, or read any interviews, so they didn't know what our attitude was and didn't perceive the song as having the kind of sarcastic vocal that to *me* it sounds like it has. It makes that person sound real *stoopid* to me.

And, as Henry further points out: "The singer was Puerto Rican, the guy who drummed on it was from Columbia, the guy who produced and engineered it (Spot) was black . . ."

Dez Cadena, dead-ringer for a biker acid-casualty, joined as vocalist, and the group embarked on a US tour (or Creepy Crawley, as in the Manson Family phrase). Wherever they went, their ill-gotten notoriety preceded them, producing heavy cops, edgy fans and near riots. From this era emerged the apt 'Police Story' single and a brilliant version of the Kingsmen's proto-garage trash classic 'Louie Louie'.

Meanwhile they pressed on with the album, but only when Henry Rollins was recruited as singer, with Dez moving to second guitar, did things begin to gel. A refugee from Washington DC (whose Trouble Funk band he especially rates), Henry is a clenched maniac of a singer, bursting with muscle and sweat. The frayed cut-offs he wears on stage are the only clue to Black Flag's Californian origins.

At last the album 'Damaged' came out in 1981. Quite simply, it's the best punk LP I've heard since 'Bollocks', managing to be true to the original punk spirit without being dated or dogmatic. It's not about issues or collective action; 'Damaged' is an expression of the personal — pain, depression, anger and boredom. Just the state of being young and out of step.

'Damaged', the 'Jealous Again' EP, and a great compilation of hitherto unreleased songs and alternative takes from 1978-81 called 'Everything Went Black', are all available here on SST. Over to you. And, when Black Flag played two *staggering* London dats recently, they were supported by *another* brilliant LA band — the Minutemen. Those two outfits, Red Cross, 45 Grave, Saccharine Trust, 100 Flowers and many more are on the crest of an eastward-rolling Pacific wave.

As Hunter S. Thompson once remarked:

"When the going gets weird, turn professional."

Mat Snow

BLACK FLAG: someone's turned the lights out

BLACK FLAG

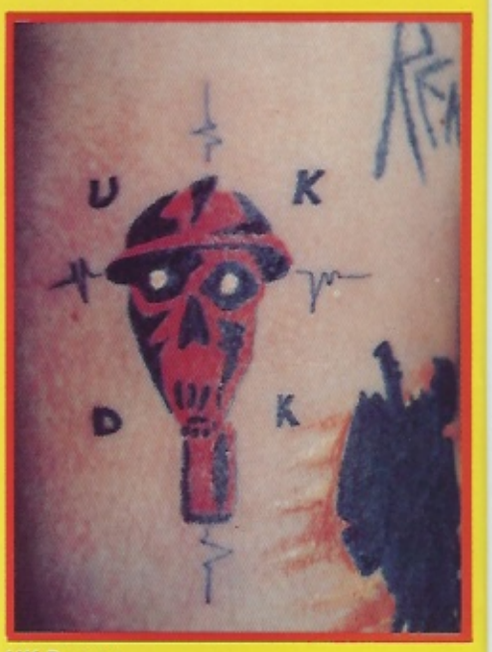
pic by Tony Mottram

Beki getting a dragon tattooed by Lal Hardy

Meteors logo

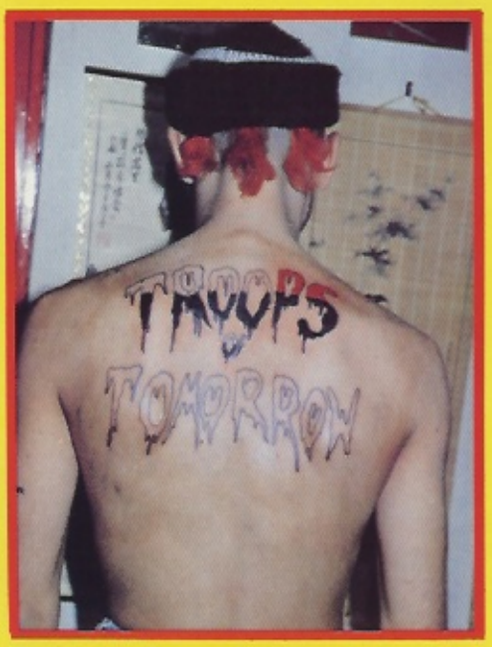
Adicts

Sid Vicious



UK Decay

Flux of Pink Indians



Exploited's 'Troops Of Tomorrow'

CALL ME HARDY

MAKING HIS mark. That's Lal Hardy, who is known to thousands of punks that want to put something of their favourite artist or group on them for keeps. Lal has tattoed logos, song titles and portraits of hundreds of famous and lesser known punks, from doing a dragon on Beki Bondage (pictured top left), to Anti Nowhere League, The Clash, Crass, Flux of Pink Indians, Meteors, UK Decay.

Apart from warning customers that it won't come off and you have to be 18, Lal won't tattoo people's faces. If you want to see him and some of his work, you can go to his shop at: New Wave Tattooing, 157 Sydney Road, Muswell Hill, London N10 or phone him on 01-444 8779.

See some of Beki Bondage's other tattoos over page.

Angelic Upstarts 'Out Of Control'

UK Decay 'For My Country'

Punk girl

Early Siouxsie

Catwoman

Discharge

Mohican girl

Punks ruin

Skinhead

BEKI BONDAGE

OBVIOUSLY QUITTING Vice Squad has helped Beki Bondage blossom in more ways than one! It seems there were several reasons for Beki quitting the group but the main bone of contention was the lady's love of animals.

"I'm dedicated to animal rights," she says, "and the rest of the band weren't. I also wanted to do benefit gigs for animals and it's difficult to expect people to donate profits to a cause they are not sympathetic with. Also, I wasn't into the musical direction they were following."

Beki is currently looking for musicians to work with but no musicians in wolf's clothing need apply.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS

Currently wowing the fans on the Peter And The Test Tube Babies tour, the Newtown Neurotics are about to achieve even bigger fame by signing a record deal, possibly with Razor Records. As they say in the biz, as soon as we know the details we'll pass it on to you.

pic by Tony Mottram

JOHNNY ROTTEN
pic by LFI

Where were you in '77?

MIKE NICHOLLS looks back with glassy eyes

"NO BEATLES, Elvis or Rolling Stones — in 1977."*

Curiously prophetic words from The Clash but then Strummer and the boys were nothing if not major spokesmen for that essential year. Both The Beatles — already defunct for some seven summers — and the Stones released their worst ever albums ('Live At The Hollywood Bowl' and 'Love You Live' respectively) whilst Elvis Presley died precipitously, not to say prematurely, just a couple of months later, aged 42.

But The Clash were vital for much more than that and so was 1977. 1977 was the year punk became a multi-million pound industry. Almost overnight. The year when The Jam, Stranglers, Buzzcocks, Elvis Costello as well as The Clash and Sex Pistols came, toured and conquered and put out some amazing records. When the cover of every music paper was splattered with one or the other and the nationals had a Shock! Horror! field day.

When scores of young people threw caution to the wind, chucked in their lousy jobs and learnt to become one chord wonders. When rock 'n' roll suddenly became relevant again. When the music business received the biggest boot up the arse in its bloated history. And when hundreds of others on the sidelines suddenly exclaimed "I wanna riot of my own!"

One of those was me. I'd fallen out with music during the boring mid seventies and viewed the events of '76 eg Sex Pistols making the headlines after swearing on the Bill Grundy Show with a certain amount of scorn. The 'Anarchy In The UK' tour swung into my native Manchester amidst dozens of cancelled dates but it passed me by.

But early in '77 a gig by local boys the Buzzcocks damn near blew my head off and I was converted. Seeing Pete Shelley thrashing away at his half-a-Woolworths 'Starway' guitar was a revelation whilst Howard Devoto was no mean performer, either. That night was the last one he played with The Buzzcocks (bar a five minute reunion later the following year) and I counted my blessings. Supporting that night? Outrageous punk poet John Cooper Clarke and a bunch of unknowns called Stiff Kittens. They became rather better well known as Joy Division.

Although that show didn't take place at the Electric Circus — the UK's definitive punk club, lots of London people even used to spend their week-ends up there — many more did. I recall one sinus-scorched month when The Damned, The Stranglers, The Clash, The Jam and The Ramones (supported by Talking Heads!) all played successive weeks.

During that mad month of May, Television also toured with special guests Blondie. I'll never forget what happened backstage at the Free Trade Hall that night. Blondie came offstage to barely a murmur and Debbie Harry had to push her way through various assembled hacks and hangers-on to get to her dressing room. Nobody batted an eye-lid. All the hacks were too busy hoping to get a word with old fish face Tom Verlaine from Television!

That night was important for another reason. A few days later an old friend I hadn't seen for years came to check me out at my local. He'd seen me, suitably attired, in the front row at the show and asked me if I was taking this punk thing seriously.

On hearing my reply to the affirmative he told me that he was presently at the Manchester College of Art and part of the burgeoning scene. That I should get to know people like the Buzzcocks and Devoto through mutual friends of his. We started meeting regularly, exchanging ideas, going to gigs and planning for the future. He was in his last year at college and wanted to be a graphic designer.

I was working in some desperate factory and trying like mad to become a rock journalist. Within a couple of years we'd both succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. I got a staff job at Record Mirror and went on to become Assistant Editor. His artistic skills made him a director of Factory Records and got him album sleeve design jobs for everyone from Ultravox to Roxy Music. You might check through your record covers for the name Peter Saville. If not you'll recognise his girlfriend. She plays keyboards with The Associates.

But I digress. Bitten by the punk bug I started offering my services to all the music papers on a Mancunian-correspondent-freelance-basis but to little avail. I knew I'd eventually quit the factory and become a writer but getting that first foot in the door proved a real bastard. The NME, Sounds and Melody Maker all had Manchester stringers and there was no room for me.

Eventually I persuaded the then Reviews Editor of Sounds to commission me to review The Stranglers at the Electric Circus on Bank Holiday Monday in May. It was no ordinary Bank Holiday. Being 1977 it was the year of the Queen's Silver Jubilee and what a mad week-end that proved to be.

Having got fired from EMI and A&M, The Sex Pistols finally got signed up by Virgin. Their first release was the explosively brilliant, dynamically irreverant 'God Save The Queen'. Lyrics like "The fascist regime/Made you a moron/A potential H-Bomb" were hardly gonna delight the Great British Public anyway. But to cap it all the record was released just a fortnight before the Jubilee celebrations. The week they were on it steamed up to No.2 in the charts. Whether the BBC deliberately fixed it from being No.1, as well as banning it, we'll never know.

But one thing is for sure, the song provided a superbly laconic sound-track and the way the Pistols set about promoting it — on Jubilee Day itself —

CONTINUED OVER

THE CLASH: vital

Where were you in '77?

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

was nothing short of mind-blowing. Basically they hired a bloody big boat, lots of equipment and no end of journalists and fiends and played a gig whilst sailing down the Thames.

Yet not for long. Manager Malcolm McLaren, the band and the rest of this most motley of crews soon got arrested by the river police and booked for disturbing the peace.

I never forgave myself for being stuck up in Manchester at the time but had a pretty good night all the same. Watching The Stranglers at the Electric Circus. Which was no easy task.

Though holding a good 1,000 and punk still being at a fairly formative stage, the place was jam-packed. My black torn T-shirt was no match for some of the sartorial confections. The girl squeezed between me and the stage, for example, sported nought but a bundle of safety pinned rags. At one point the heavy looking guy next to her ripped off the lot and I thought to myself "Christ! Rape!"

The next moment, he was giving her his plastic mac to wear. She was his girlfriend and the whole thing had been stage-managed! Further in front The Stranglers were excellent. Their 'IV Rattus Norvegicus' LP had already taken the the nation by storm, the Doors-inspired keyboards giving it useful cross-over credibility and securing it a lengthy run in the album charts.

The Stranglers were really too old and too professional to be punks but their attitude was spot on. They'd already toured the length and breadth of the country and built a considerable grass roots following in each city. The punk explosion was the detonator they needed and they jumped aboard the new wave bandwagon with stealthy grace.

After the show I chatted to the group, particularly bassist Jean-Jacques Burnell and later became pretty good friends with them all. I don't think they were at all surprised when our meetings were eventually in an official interview situation capacity. A Foot-note: My review of The Stranglers gig never got printed in 'Sounds', and to this day I know not why.

My very first review appeared a couple of month later, though quite a bit of water flowed under the bridge in between.

The mania, excitement and general round-the-clock lunacy of my new-found punk lifestyle got out of hand. When not staying out all night, I couldn't sleep and eventually the running on empty went too far. After a week of paranoiac delusions that people were "after me" I was rushed to hospital suffering from extreme nervous exhaustion. Three weeks of enforced medication and tranquility eventually got me right, followed by the prescription of a "peaceful holiday" in France.

Some peace! I made damn sure my trip coincided with the Mont De Marsan Punk Festival — a two day binge of The Clash, Jam, Eddie And The Hot Rods, The Damned and countless lesser known foreign acts. It was the ideal opportunity to make some contacts.

Crashing out in a nearby field (sleeping bag but no tent) the day of festival I made my way to the tiny hotel where I imagined the bands would be staying. It was the only one near the bull ring site, after all. Wandering up the staircase, I hoped to meet the Melody Maker journalist who I was told would be there.

Instead I found myself marching straight into the bedroom of Joe Strummer. Saying he was glad to see an English face, he made me welcome and there began a lifelong friendship!

Going back downstairs I noticed a group of Anglos had begun to assembly on the terrace outside the hotel bar. There I met journalists from three of the music papers who proved uncharacteristically helpful. Noting my penury, all the beers were on them whilst a quick introduction to the festival promoter ensured a backstage pass and ticket to the Press enclosure.

Not bad when you've no one to write an article for! However, work was in sight. On the third night of the festival was a special appearance by my perennial hero, Lou Reed. Since Allan Jones, the Melody Maker man, couldn't stay, he suggested I write a review. I did and it was printed! But there was a long way to go yet.

The following autumn saw all the punk bands on the road. Only now instead of playing clubs it was 3,000 capacity concert halls. Things had moved fast and The Stranglers even put a second album out. Most memorable, however, were some terrific gigs. One, in particular, was courtesy of Granada TV's Tony Wilson whose 'So It Goes' series — which had earlier put the Pistols on the box for the first time ever in front of a half-dead studio audience — got Mink de Ville, the Tom Robinson Band and XTC all together under one roof for a one-off show.

Another ace Granada presentation was Iggy Pop live at Manchester's Apollo Theatre where The Iguana, the Godfather of punk who had already made his comeback with the essential 'The Idiot' LP earlier in the year, saw fit to hurl a chair at yours truly!

But gig of the season had to be the last night at the Electric Circus. Closed by the authorities for being unable to comply with fire regulations, the owners decided on a concluding charity bash headlined by The Buzzcocks. On the same bill that night were John Cooper Clarke, The Fall, Magazine — playing their first gig — a devastating three numbers including Captain Beefheart's 'I Love You Big Dummy' — and a group called Warsaw. They later became rather better known as, yup, you guessed it, Joy Division!

In a sense that show, immortalised by Virgin Records on coloured 10" vinyl, was the last ever punk show. Sure the tours continued and later that month (September) your Jams, Stranglers and Clashes — after posing with troops in Belfast — all hit town but seeing them play the Apollo just wasn't the same. As summer faded to autumn, punk started dying just as sure as the leaves on the trees. By the time The Ramones came round again (December) the scene was all but washed up. Their gig was infested with pre-teen screaming boppers who damn near killed each other when the barrier at the front of the stage broke. Only a couple of handy bouncers armed with planks, hack-saws and strange cabinet making tendencies prevented certain disaster.

But the year had not been in vain. Before '77 was out I'd secured my first full time local newspaper job, membership of the National Union of Journalists (ha!) and both eyes were fixed on the rock job horizon. So all in all '77 proved quite a useful year!

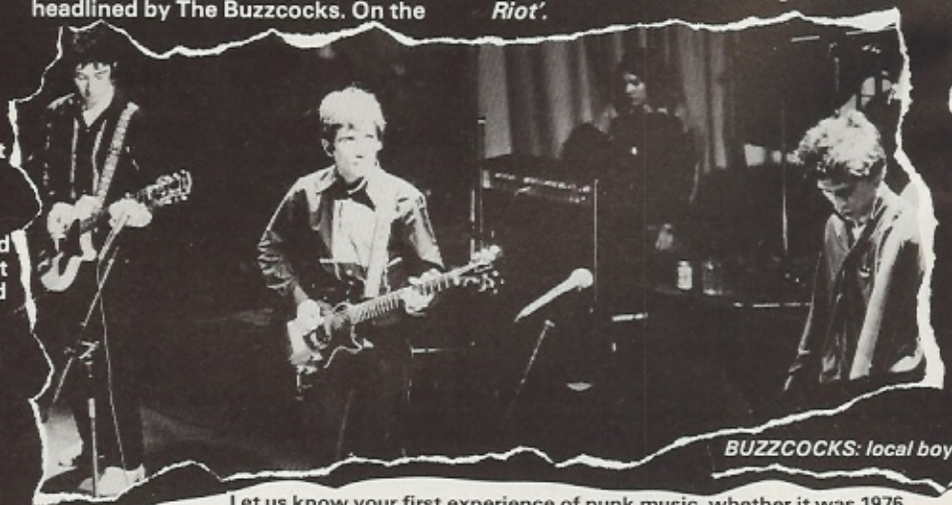
The year which began with the opening of London punk club the Roxy (never a patch on the Electric Circus, I'll bet) had finished with punk being the norm. Already new musics were in the air: Siouxie and The Banshees, Elvis Costello, Magazine and XTC and from America the like of Devo, The Residents and Pere Ubu promised a tantalising future, more colourful, more substantial and more sophisticated than punk's original, trade-marked three chord thrash.

But though punk was soon to be superceded, like heavy metal it never went away. The Exploited, The Anti-Nowhere League, GBH and countless others bear testimony to this and I hope all you guys who missed out in '77 are enjoying the current alternative.

As for me, I wouldn't have missed 1977 for the world. I can quite honestly say it changed my life and there must be countless others, whether in bands, as journalists, promoters, fashion designers or whatever that will claim the same.

In 1977 we never got to heaven. Thank God.

**'1977' by The Clash. The song never appeared on any of their albums but was the 'b' side of their first single, 'White Riot'.*

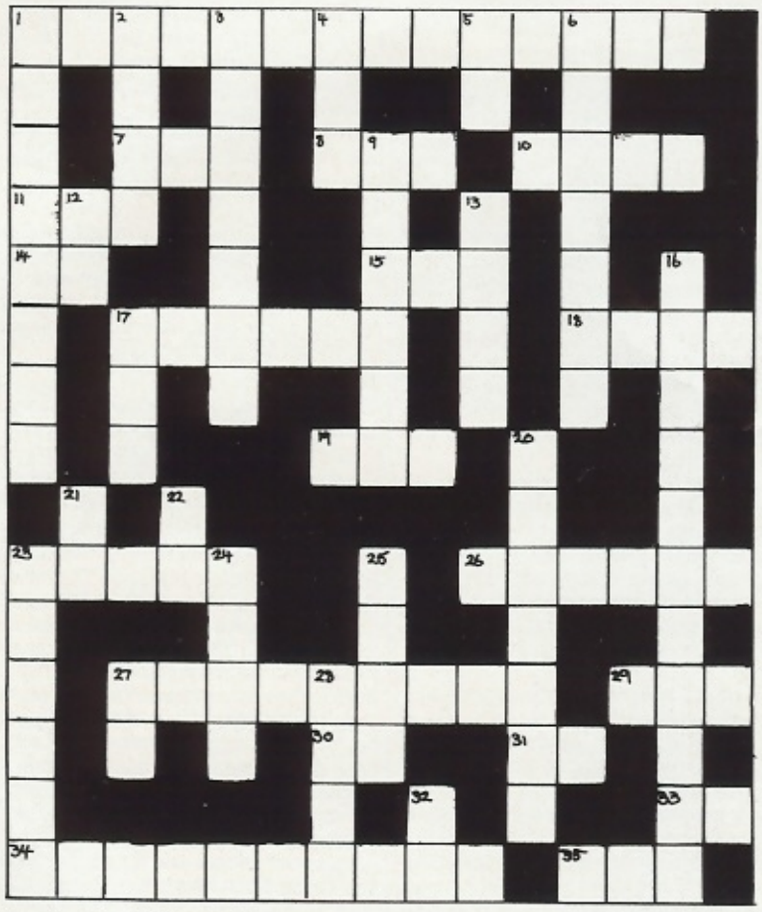


BUZZCOCKS: local boys

WHAT MEMORIES DO YOU HAVE OF PUNK?

Let us know your first experience of punk music, whether it was 1976 or this year, it doesn't matter. Send your story to Punk Memories, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

Xword



Xword written by Mark of 'Apocalypse Now' fanzine, Wheathampstead, Herts.

ACROSS

1. Pioneers of Oi (7.7)
7. He's got Scabies (3)
8. How many Million Voices (3)
10. Weller had a lot to say in the city (4)
11. . . . law for them (3)
14. Martin's answer to Maggie (2)
15 + 9 down. He caused a riot in his local high high street (3.6)
17. They're worried about Charlie's Warhead (6)
18. Wattie's praise for English Cities (4)
19. Adam used to be one, so tread on one (3)
23. Four of them want chaos (5)
26. A tribute to the GLC (6)
27. Judy hit them on the head (9)
29. St George get his . . . (3)
30. 22 down backwards (2)
31. . . . Banger . . . ex Slaughter (2)
33. Mark Perry's Alternative (2)
34. Exploited drummer's last band (10)
35. Cal always asks . . . (3)

DOWN

1. Hitchin Heroes (8)
2. Peter needed intensive . . . (4)
3. Vice Squad's first vinyl (7)
4. Am I Dead . . . (3)
5. Not Dallas, but (2)
6. Steve Roberts early band (7)
9. See 15
12. Same as 14 across
13. Wattie's paper (4)
16. . . . and the Electric Chairs (5.6)
17. No Survivors is what they say (3)
20. Arsenal No, No! Pioneering punks (7)
21. 82 or Chaos (2)
22. . . . Britain there's a red alert (2)
23. They couldn't take anymore (6)
24. Charlie's marauders (4)
25. If you don't like Pasti you're . . . (4)
27. 27 across' second album (2)
28. . . . Establishment or the League (4)
32. . . . and my Desire (2)

XWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1 Cockney Rejects; 7 Rat; 8 Two; 10 Paul; 11 One; 14 No; 15 and 9 down Lee Wilson; 17 Gonads; 18 Dead; 19 Ant; 23 Skins; 26 Menace; 27 Vibrators; 29 Gun; 30 In; 31 Ed; 33 TV; 34 Satellites; 35 Why.
DOWN: 1 Chron Gen; 2 Care; 3 Nothing; 4 Yet; 5 JR; 6 Cyanide; 9 Wilson; 12 No; 13 News; 16 Wayne County; 17 GBH; 20 Chelsea; 21 UK; 22 In; 23 Straps; 24 Subs; 25 Anti; 27 VZ; 28 Anti; 32 Me.

PICTURES

Colour and Black and White

WE NEED YOU!

●Have you taken pictures of your favourite punk artist or group? Or are you a group that have great pictures of yourselves but don't know what to do with them?

●Record companies, groups, photographers or fans, we need your pictures!

●We can only bring you Punk Lives if you help us. We need as many colour pictures (especially 35mm transparencies) as we can get.

●Now the good news. If you are a budding photographer, we'll also pay you for any photographs we use.

●So, record companies, groups and artists, if you want your photographs used in Punk Lives send them now with full biog details as well. Photographers, budding or otherwise, please do the same.

●Send both colour and black and white photographs to: Picture File, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

●We're sorry, but we cannot return any photographs.

PUNK LIVES

IN THE STRANGEST PLACES

Al A, one of the writers for the 'Kill Your Pet Puppy' fanzine explains what punk means to him and reports on the Harrow Road Anarchy Centre's final gig

WHEN THE first twitches of what was to become punk started seeping out of London and into the world, the first trickle of interested parties started hitching their way towards the city. As the twitches got stronger, the weirdos kept coming, crawling in from all over the UK, even places like Australia and America.

KINGS CROSS

IN EARLY '79, large areas of Kings Cross were taken over by punk squatters. "Police vans used to turn up every morning to haul away anyone who looked underage. Some people had to carry a birth certificate all the time.

"I used to sleep in the empty carriages at Euston Station.

"I was on the tube and this girl said 'Do you want to buy some blues?' I didn't know what they were, but me and my mate bought a quid's worth. We used to be speeding all night down the Music Machine and sleep on the circle line and abuse the commuters.

"We used to go and swop joints and downers for cider and meths with the dossers."

"WHEN YOU'VE BEEN UP FOR FIVE DAYS" . . .

ENERGY is not always eternal delight; eventually you come down and it doesn't seem so much fun. Being evicted. Being arrested. Being beaten up. Overdoses. Having to beg. And meanwhile the original fragile unity of punk was splitting up into a hundred fragments under the onslaughts of the media and society. The Tories got elected. The elements of punk's initial energy — Sexual, political, musical, fashion, drugs; lost touch with each other and became impotent gestures. Only the fact of punk's very success in "speaking for a generation" gave any credibility to the post punk morass. A succession of "spokesmen" tried to use the impetus of punk to push their careers and opinionated ideas. "Punk is dead".

PUNK IS DEAD?

ALMOST, BUT not quite. Some of those who had made the trek to London didn't go back home, couldn't go back home. Back to the situation as before. They had found a freedom in the city, in punk, however fragile and insecure. There was no going back to Middlesborough, or Sydney or Cumberland or . . . They had crossed over into the Abyss. The only question was, would they ever reach the other side?

ANTS/TUINAL/CRASS

THE HEADING from a fanzine of January 1980 summed it all up. The old Ants and their links with the old spirit of punk (and the whole glam era which has warped the minds of this generation back in 72/73), the old Ants were beginning the metamorphosis from decadent punk to teen glamour. The speed was being replaced by drugs like Tuinal.

"More and more people were saying 'I can take tuinal without being addicted'.

"You'd see them staggering about, oblivious to anyone or anything, 'another generation goes down kicking and screaming . . .'.

"Some of our best friends have turned into aggressive, destructive bastards through this drug, which suddenly flooded the market when a number of amphetamine factories got busted."

The only glimmer of hope was in Crass, a heavy anarchist punk band with the image and ideals for the moment. At the gigs throughout 1979 the splinters of punk clashed in ugly confrontation. The winter of 79/80 had been the coldest on record. It seemed like a long way from the summer of '76.

PERSON'S UNKNOWN

1979 ALSO saw the "Anarchist Conspiracy Trial" and the spark of inspiration which became the London Anarchist Centre. A series of meetings were held in late '79 early '80; perhaps there was more to 'Anarchy In The UK' than just a song. Maybe it could HAPPEN!

In April, Crass and the Poison Girls became involved. There was a single. There was money. Not much else.

1980

WHAT WAS there? Bauhaus, the Cramps and the Psychedelic Furs: Music without morals. Crass: Morals without music. A crowded, colourful anarchist picnic on Mayday. Lots of punks! But nothing much on the surface, a deceptive calm.

1981

THE PACE began to quicken. A nervous energy (or was it the speed?).

More gigs. More people. Riots. Obviously something was going on, not always pleasant, a violent tinge to events.

A PARALLEL UNIVERSE

SUDDENLY, SOMEHOW, things changed. Gigs in a church, a squat on the Pentonville Road, No bouncers, no more "them" and "us". 50p to see bands like Rubella Ballet the Synix and Tinsel jumping up to sing with them. Gigs organised by punks, for punks. Not safe punks in mail order leather jackets. No, this lot were still outrageous, gay punks living in squats, anarchist punks with dazzlingly bright hair and make up. The survivors, the ones who had passed through the abyss. And now they were finding each other again, discovering a network of people and bands and squats and fanzines. A Blood and Roses gig in Stoke Newington. Sitting in a room in an Islington squat, waiting for the dawn, and a free gig at Parliament Hill Fields, sunshine, laughter and the Entire Cosmos plus the Mob and King Trigger.

It was all very confusing, so much seemed to be happening, so much was happening. The Wild Youth were on the streets again, a kaleidoscopic frenzy. A celebration. It is true — PUNK LIVES!

WAPPING

IN THE meantime the real anarchists were getting on with the Anarchy Centre in Wapping. It ended up in a sad state. But there their new confidence the punks managed to keep it going — all through another freezing winter. The church had moved east (due to a fire). More coming together, more people, more friends.

1982

WE CELEBRATED the new year with an all night concert/celebration. Three years on and the pieces were coming together again, expanding slowly. Then we got evicted. The spirit moved west to the Centro Iberica, the mood changing from the cold aggressive mood of Wapping to a more relaxed and sensual feel. A psychedelic slant to the old punk rant. The militants

RUBELLA BALLET: only 50p to see them play

pic by Paul Slattery

were wary — all this enjoyment — was this the revolution?

Of course it is, complete with candles and magick, crazy colour and chaos. Only this time we are singing the songs (thanks Brigandage).

And on the fringes, hiding in the toilets, the journalists and film crews. Jo Brocklehurst's paintings have captured the flamboyant style, but will they grasp the content? Or will they just grab the cliches like before?

INTO THE OPEN

WHAT HAPPENS when we wake from our three years slumber? When they start to uncover the hidden growth? When you see it in the papers, watch it on TV? Wobbling on the edge, is there enough control, or will it be lost again? Punk is alive, the only subersive thing around, the only real threat left.

The police vans still turn up every morning to haul away the underagers. Only now it's glue, not tuinal.

Does anyone grasp the implications? Punk lives in the places Gary Bushell has never been. We've crossed the abyss, but will anyone follow?

Are you tired of all these questions?

Then it's time to find some answers of your own!

IT WAS late on Friday night, and I was half asleep when Dave came round with the news.

"There is going to be a free gig at London's Anarchy Centre, the last one before they knock it down."

"Great, who's playing?"

"The Mob and Null and Void. A P.A. has been hired for Sunday."

"This Sunday?"

"Yeah."

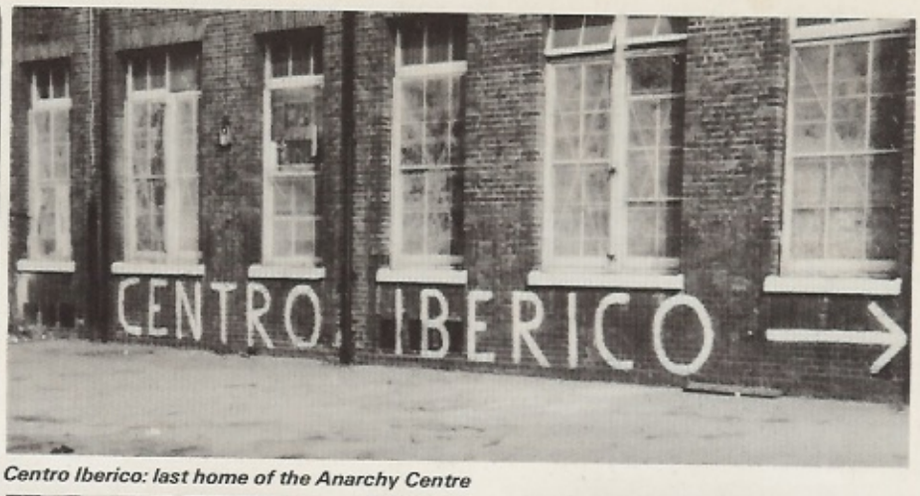
He disappeared off into the night to carry the word. I had a cig and fell asleep. I dreamt that a TV crew came to film the event and no one turned up. That would be typical Anarchy Centre style.

I arrived about 4.30 on Sunday, walking up past the still empty Zig Zag club. It looked the same, but I remembered the weekend in December it had been squatted in. That was great, especially the free beer! Still smiling I turned the corner and walked down Harrow Road to the Centro Iberico, where the A Centre has been for the past year.

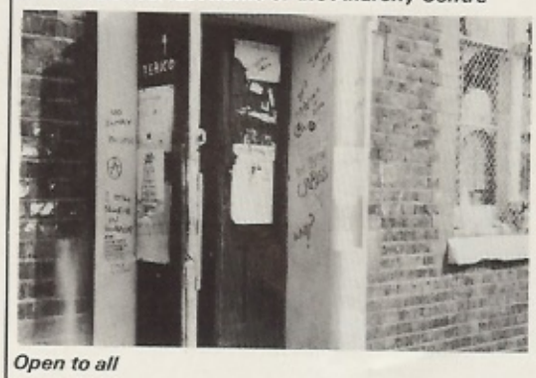
It is in a huge empty school, hidden behind advertising hoardings. The entrance is a creaky iron gate labelled "Girls". It groaned as I pushed it open. Just like in a Mob song "the playground is empty", the half ruined school is like a haunted house. The ground floor windows are covered with wire mesh. Painted letters spell out CENTRO IBERICO and an arrow points to a small door. I can hear music from inside, so someone must be here.

Inside are a few Spanish people, clearing out the last of their belongings. I wander round the tiny stage in 'our' part — it is built from old gas cookers, classroom doors and a lump of carpet salvaged from a skip. The lights came from the old Wapping A Centre, the only relics left. The walls are all painted, some pictures, some slogans. It is all very forlorn and sad, but I still have the memories.

Goes back to the infamous summer of '81. When assorted members of the 'Pet Puppy' fanzine's collective went to the Hope and Anchor. Some of us stayed, the others went in search of a 'church' where you could see all these punk bands for 50p. They returned the next afternoon, full of this church — a squat on the Pentonville Road, and a gay punk squat. Both places were to become familiar over the next months.



Centro Iberico: last home of the Anarchy Centre



Open to all

The stage, built from old cookers and classroom doors

Things were happening so fast then, it's hard to recall much more than flashes; a glimpse of Rubella Ballet — who are these amazing people? Suddenly there was this tiny church full of the most wierd, bizarre punks, all (nearly) being friendly and relaxed. No bouncer, no management, no bar, no rules!

Unfortunately it eventually caught fire, I saw it the other day from the bus, all boarded up and looking like it came out of an H.P. Lovecraft story. Still in the depths of darkest Wapping was a warehouse — the original Autonomy/Anarchy Centre, set up with the help of the money from the Bloody Revolutions/Persons Unknown single.

It was losing money, so And-ee Martin who opened the place for punks on Sunday, set up some benefit gigs. A new church, just a bit colder now — it was November! People would arrive in the afternoon and huddle together for warmth until there were enough bodies to take the edge off the cold air.

Over the months though, things got 'spontaneously' organised — like tea and coffee, veggie food and lager at 50p a can (I helped on this one!). Fanzines and anarchic literature were sold and blues bought; the talk got so fast and furious while the bands played on. Six or seven bands a night is good value for a pound. We celebrated New Year there and almost froze to death in a blizzard!

Unfortunately the landlord found out about our fun and threw us out.

And so to the Centro Iberico where the chaos continued, but on a slightly larger scale. Not so cold either. Scattered groups of punks in the playground, clutching the inevitable bottles of cider (sweet and dry), gossiping and laughing, waiting for the band or the equipment to arrive. Usually it would get sorted out after a series of frantic phone calls. More relaxed than Wapping, the styles a bit wilder, the music a bit broader — expanding the boundaries of punk.

And here we are again, going out in style with Fracture, The Omega Tribe, Null and Void and The Mob. I talk too much and miss most of the bands but in the distance I hear the Mob's musical motif, Curtis, tuning his bass. I push through the crowd (who said no one would come?) towards the stage. Oooooh.

Not many bands have that emotional intensity, that real power behind the songs. Blood and Roses have it. The Mob definitely have it. I danced until it ripped my T-shirt to shreds, singing along to all the songs. This is punk rock, this passion and intensity, this compassion and truth. It went on and on — so late I had to walk the last couple of miles home. Even then I couldn't sleep.

I still can't. I have to sit here and try and express it in words, to communicate. What we have done, what we are doing is important, is vital because . . . well since punk began it hasn't got any easier, the collapse of this country has continued and looks like it will continue, despite politicians promises and all those other lies. I saw The Truth Game on TV. The news came on and I found Channel Four — The Birthday Party in full manic majesty. I hadn't much liked them before but in the midst of the horror of today they seemed so right.

Flowers in the Dustbin? The whole nation is becoming a dustbin and the flowers have spread, growing in the rubble. How many young people have a future? Workers aren't needed any more, only machines to make video games and Cruise missiles.

Punk is/was prophetic — all the words are coming true, we have no future in this wasteland. The Anarchy Centre was just a way of showing that it is possible to create our own lives, to live our own lives. Listening to a tape of Blood and Roses, a bit of Tony D.'s drunken interview with Bob.

"They can exploit me. They can exploit the band. BUT THEY CAN NEVER EXPLOIT THE IDEA."

And that is true.

AL A

Gigs

ACTION PACT/THE ADICTS
Feltham Football Club

HMMM. NOW usually Action Pact get a reasonable sound and they play up with great conviction, imbuing all with an inner glow as a direct result to their bouyant songs. Tonight all I could see was a floundering vessel taking on far too much PA peakage whilst whoever was at the mixing desk made no attempt to right the craft whatsoever. The vocals negated all George's acitivity, the bass was hidden from our hearing, bulging through very rarely. A guitar was seen in the hands of Des but the odd mashing sound that it sent out had little in common with his normal haranguing. Only drummer Chris, battling on an unusual kit could be neard and although the borrowed kit hampered deftness of the hands he made up for it with power. His steering sufficed.

All their usual stage greats were writhing on the floor and there they stayed all night in terms of impact. The general sound was okay, don't get me wrong. Compared to most bands what struggled across the boarder bearing the anem ACTION PACT was a lively morass but it wasn't good enough. WE WUZ ROBBED. Action Pact were murdered by devious forces.

The Adits seemed to find an easier sound when they came on. Perhaps the PA man woke up. Who can say? They steamed into the crowd who had become a touch restless and thrashed around onstage delivering octane material which was greedily swallowed by most of the people present. I heard a good version of 'Steamroller' and smiled into my pint glass but other than tha the sound was still not *that* brilliant. The performance was a workmanlike affair, intended to gradually impress. It was all a matter of RESULTS. I'd have abandoned the match myself. — **DR SYN**

IRON IN FLESH
West Hamstead Moonlight

THE AESTHETICS of atrocity. From one side of the darkened stage comes brutal howls and screeches, twisted from a synth by a sallow youth uniformed in battle fatigues. Sole accompaniment is from an indistinct tape, intoning cut-up descriptions of infanticide and mutilation. Not the crude superficiality of sensationalism, more an abstract hint of allusive and unpredictable terror. Nothing is clearly heard of specified just an intimation that the *real* essence is something so malignant we would be unable to comprehend.

After about 10 minutes of this a film starts up, flickering blurred images unsettling in their barely perceived rapidity — the effect is not felt as sheer chaos or randomness, more as the workings of an obsessional and intense mind whose full capabilities and intentions have yet to be revealed.

The aesthetics of brutality, the fun goes on as the second member, dressed in white radiation suit and gas mask, enters the game. Proceeding to rhythmically pound a largish tin-can with a couple of steel bars — a strobe combines with the incessant synth-tortune, beginning now to distort any sense of perspective.

The point of this sort of thing is not just to make you think "oh that's interesting," it's taken well over the edge of any such niceties — this particular segment seeming to last for anything up to half an hour.

There's an undeniable and extraordinary fascination in these explorations of human nature's darker side, entertainment value lying in the relative impossibility of tearing yourself away from its merciless grip. However, such value inevitably depends upon the safety-net knowledge that it isn't 'real-life', the fear/horror is always watched rather than experienced.

The Aesthetics of Crime. Such a though must have prompted the final segment involving as it does the involuntary participation of the audience. A smoke cannister is set alight and rapidly a thick cloud of asphysiating blindness envelops the Moonlight — all the more effective as the strobe transforms it into an unreal, jerking column.

Unwilling participants stumble in a panic to the exist, choking on their indignation whilst a few remain. A strange sensation, both fearful and yet calmly accepting impending suffocation or at least total derangement of the senses — a desire to endure it through to whatever lies beyond the safety levels.

In a tantalising twist, celebratory voices shout from around you, "Belsen, Belsen". A masochistic compulsion to suffer in martyrdom even here as mere spectators to a cacaphonic 'art' performance.

Bizarre, sick, yes, well it sounds nasty here in dry theory, easily and often misconstrued as mere glorification of Nazi/Romanesque power-lust; its experimenting venutes into the very essence of evil and associated malign concepts.

The experience is more purgatorial than pictorial and the ones in charge of the synths and strobes are the ones least likely to turn it into an obsessional craving for real-life blood and malingering death. **KILTY McGUIRE**

pic by Mick Mercer

ACTION PACT: music writhing on the floor

HAVE YOU MISSED THEM?

(DON'T BE A DUMMY, GET THEM NOW!)

Listen 'ere you lot, you don't wanna kick yourself for missing out on the first three issues do ya? There are still some copies of issue No.1, No.2 and No.3 of Punk Lives left. If you missed them and would like to get hold of the copies, send £1 for one issue, £2 for two issues or £3 for three issues. Easy innit? Send £1, £2 or £3, which includes post and packaging (remember to put in your name and address), to Punk Lives, (Back issues), 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

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Graffiti

Send your letters, abuse, reviews, news, etc to Graffiti, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

A FEW months back I was going to write a nastier letter than the one David Fraley sent in No. 2 cos your first issue was the biggest pile of toss I've ever had the misfortune to come across. I decided to risk getting No. 2 and, thankfully, it was a great improvement with much less quoting from the very mags that you slagged off in your first editorial. Some of the pix (Plasmatics etc.) were a bit old and you could stop putting crap like Bow Wow Wow in cos they've never been punk and only got anywhere cos of MacLaren. I was glad to see the inclusion of smaller bands like Erazerheads and the Toy Dolls but how about pix of Dead Man's Shadow and Action Pact, also the Straps and the Adicts deserve a mention.

One complaint, you slag half of the Total Noise EP off for being Heavy Metal, well that's probably cos IT IS HEAVY METAL! The whole idea of "Total Noise" is to break down the barrier between all Non-Disco music. Also you could give a mention to the fanzines doing the rounds because, for some people, they can be pretty hard to get, I've listed some here complete with prices and hope you will print them. All 'zines require S.A.E.'s.

Testament of Reality — 30p — 11 Salutation Rd, Darlington, Co. Durham, DL3 8JN.
Rising Free — 30p — Gez, 7 Hornbeams, Sweet Briar, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Final Curtain — 25p — Plebb, 13 Maycroft Ave, Grays, Essex, RM17 GAN.
4 Minutes to Go — 20p — Charlie, 7 Haygarth Rd, London Rd, Kenbworth, Herts.
Ability Stinks, free, Gerard, 34 Frankswood Ave, Petts Wood, Orpington, Kent.
No Solution — 30p — Garry, 28 Curzon Rd, Waterloo, Liverpool.
New Mania — 30p — 32 Archer Road, Folkestone, Kent.
A Way of Life — 20p — Rule, 48 Harburn Ave, Deans, Livingston, Scotland. **Ian Armstrong, Darlington, Co. Durham, DL3 8JN.**

I DON'T want to read about shit like Bow Wow Wow, Adam and his poxy Ants or SLF and The Clash. These bands are not punk their attitudes are all wrong as well as their music being crap. I want to read about real punk bands. Today's punk bands, such as Abrasive Wheels, Chaos UK, Dirt, Sub Humans, Sex Gang Children, Southern Death Cult, Crown Of Thorns, Crass, GBH etc, because even if they don't all sound like the Sex Pistols their attitudes on life are alright, they are true punk bands no shit like the Clash etc. You should concentrate on smaller bands and also American bands and all the cult punk bands (SGC etc). There should be more pages (how about twice as much, with more writing) as the price is obscene.

Also in issue No 1 you said all the top tens printed would receive a free album, well I never got one! (Oh no we didn't. We're not made of money). Apart from this the magazine is quite good. I dare you to print this letter as all the previous ones printed have been right arse lickers.

As for the person who said that the magazine should advertise T-shirts and bondage trousers, I don't think you understand about punk (nothing personal). Winston Smith knows what he's about though. So there is hope yet. **Andy H, York.**

BEST OF luck with your magazine. You need a lot of luck to deal with a subject that means lots of different things to lots of different punks. What is a "true" punk group to one punk is a joke to others.

I am 27 and have seen hundreds of groups as a punter and also as a bouncer at Retford Porterhouse and Nottingham Rock City (I hasten to add that I am not a self ego-boosting bully boy bouncer). As a bouncer I have seen lots of punk groups I wouldn't normally bother with and so probably have a more balanced opinion on performance and ability "live" than some other punks. A group that comes over duff on disc can sometimes be devastating live, and vice versa.

Going back to '76, the best live shows I have seen include, the Stranglers, Banshees, Damned, Charge, Toy Dolls, Boomtown Rats, Rezillos, John Cooper Clarke, Bauhaus, Vice Squad, U2 and the group that I saw last year, and would like to review, The Angelic Upstarts! at *Retford Porterhouse.*

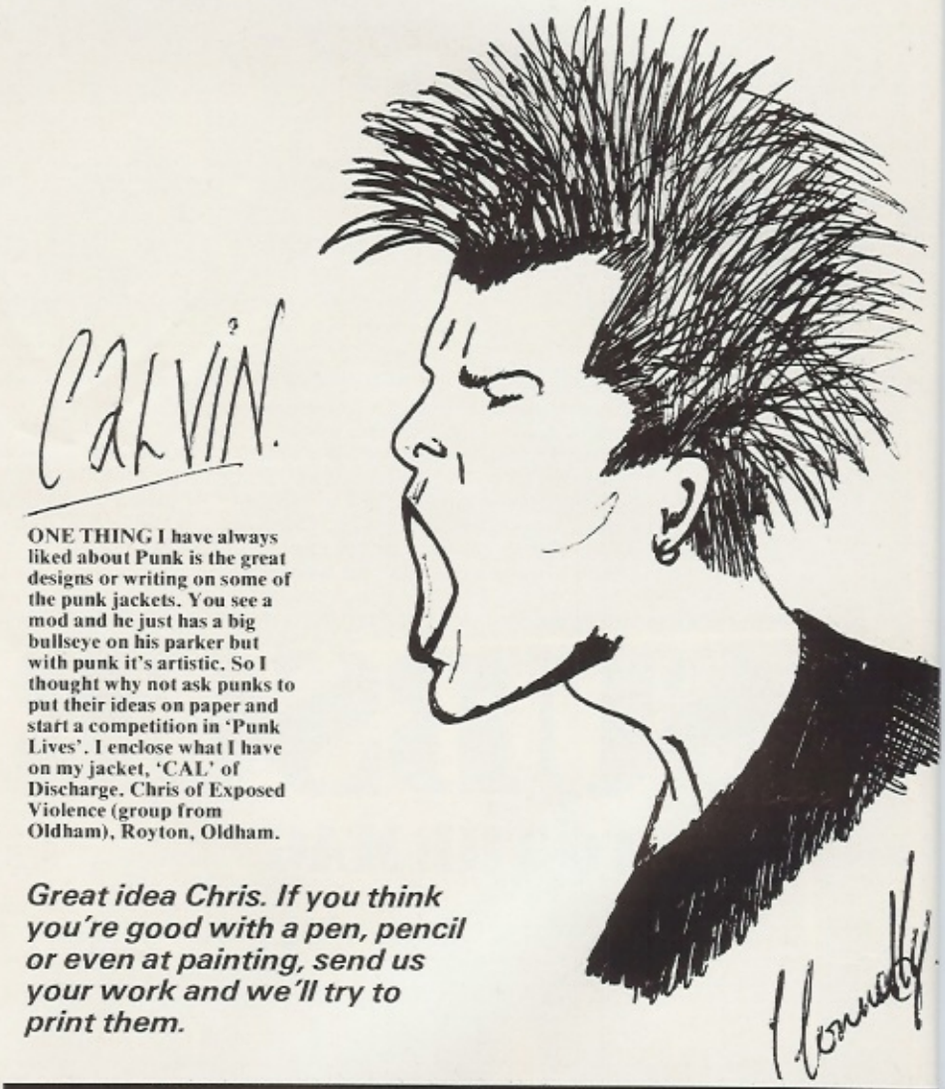
AS EVER the Porterhouse is a cave, a dark sinister cave infested by rejects, defects and degenerates. Like some scrap yard piled high with black corpses held together by leather and studs, and it's hot, very hot. The DJ must have a fetish for sweat, peppering the old and new punk classics with local trash merchants Riot Squad. The dance floor is a riot.

But everyone is really just passing time. Midnight, and here they come, blasting on stage with a blistering burst of 'Police Oppression'. An Upstarts audience needs no winding up, they know every word, every scream. Fever Pitch.

If they came to hear 'The Angelic Upstarts Greatest Hits' they got it. Mensi was rampaging around the stage like an android on overload, plastering the front liners with blood, sweat, and tears as he smashed out 'Teenage Warning' 'Upstarts', 'Afghan Rebels', 'Last Night Another Soldier' and the others. Continuing his romance with the woman whose initials indicate the state of her head, M.T., he ripped off a spiteful 'Mrs Politician', and a rousing 'England' for the people who are England, not the people who bleed it dry.

Before the gig started Mensi was telling me over a pint that he had just been home recently to see his folks and had been arrested three times. This probably accounted for venemous rendition of 'Liddle Towers', 'You're Nicked', and 'P understand', each song being shouted back onstage word for word by the rabble. Bedlam!

At a time when there is sometimes friction between skins and punks it was nothing short of weird to see them together, arms wrapped



ONE THING I have always liked about Punk is the great designs or writing on some of the punk jackets. You see a mod and he just has a big bullseye on his parker but with punk it's artistic. So I thought why not ask punks to put their ideas on paper and start a competition in 'Punk Lives'. I enclose what I have on my jacket, 'CAL' of Discharge. Chris of Exposed Violence (group from Oldham), Royton, Oldham.

Great idea Chris. If you think you're good with a pen, pencil or even at painting, send us your work and we'll try to print them.

around each other, some crying as Mensi poured his heart into the emotive 'Soldier'.

If the crowd came to hear new songs to wipe out the memory of past failures, they got that too and enjoyed it.

When it was over people were staring into space, wet and steaming, and wishing it was just beginning. Is this just a blast from the past or is it relevant, powerful punk?

Is Mensi a rusting relic or a precious link between the '77 explosion or the shrapnel of '82? A matter of opinion I suppose, but whichever it is, a gig like this will always be worth turning out for. **Neville Scott, Mansfield, Notts.**

YOU ASKED people to write in and give you some ideas on what to add to Punk Lives. Well I thought you could sort of do a Personal file on punk groups or the front man, like they do in another leading mag (Smash Hits). Ask them what their favourite phrase is, or silly things, like when did they lose their virginity, or what they were doing before they were a punk group, you know, just be very nosy. Start with Wattie of Exploited. **Mandy.**

AT LAST we've finally got something to keep us in touch out here in the colonies. You have no bloody idea the bullshit and boredom we have to put up with out here! There's only one band worth seeing, Quick & The Dead, and they have six gigs every six months. All in all there's only around 20 of us punks out here and that makes for plenty of kicks in the head. Last week my mate's house had a bomb placed outside his front door, lucky no one was killed. Two sticks of jelly makes a nasty mess. Well, keep it coming and more Crass please. **Billie Belsen, Western Australia.**

MY PUNK TOP TEN

1. Anarchy In The UK, Sex Pistols.
2. Warhead, UK Subs.
3. God Save The Queen, Sex Pistols.
4. Call The Army (I'm Alive), Anti-Pasti.
5. Daily News, Exploited.
6. Pretty Vacant, Sex Pistols.
7. Truth And Justice, Anti-Pasti.
8. Out Of Control, Exploited.
9. Looking At You, Damned.
10. No More Heroes, Stranglers.

J. Reynolds, Kings Stanley, Stonehouse, Glos.

THE FIRST punk mag with a difference. I would like to congratulate you on remembering the non-decaying face of music and transforming it into mag form. It's about time we all had a mag of our own without having to scratch about the pages of a *trendy* newspaper to find some distant info on The Clash. We (down under in Australia) think your first try at this rather uncovered topic was excellent and the issues that followed have increased in their excellence. Enough flattery, one major point I would like to get through is that myself being a Crass fan, noticed in issue No. 2 the spelling of Crass was wrong. It in fact showed the name "G"rass in two places. If you are expecting to print the mag properly in future, spell the groups properly. I'm no Einstein but it is disappointing to find a group credited as much and then spelt wrongly. Another thing is if anyone up there is interested in writing to us down under, as we would love to hear from fellow punks or anyone else interested in the best music. Drop me a line (see Penpals). Keep up the features on Sex Pistols and maybe in some features of Crass or the never forgotten Damned. **Dave Heivoc, Perth, W.A. 6166.**

I LIVE in New Zealand, you know way down the bottom, in the middle of nowhere. We actually got two editions of your magazine! It is the best bloody magazine ever to end up in this godforsaken hole. Do you still actually exist? The supply of 'Punk Lives' suddenly ran out after the first two, and nobody can get anymore! It's really great to read all about these groups we never actually see (live). We've got some bloody good groups down here too you know. No Tage, Allies, The Instigators are only three of them. I just want to say that the ray of sunlight (your magazine) is much appreciated down here in this hole. **Sex Pistols Fan, Auckland, New Zealand.**

TO BE a punk is these sad says,
Is difficult in many ways,
Because of Social pressures,
That try to de-fer us,
They think that we're not good enough,
And that we're a bit too rough.
But we know our music is right
And that its message stands out loud 'n' bright.
Just be yourself, don't follow the crowd,
Stand up an give em your views good 'n' loud.
For if you're yourself living your way,
You won't be a no-where, in their society.
ES, Londonderry.

CONGRATULATIONS ON an excellent mag! Over here in Australia we don't have much in the way of punk, the emphasis at the moment is on skinhead crap. Punks seem to be dying out. Hopefully 'Punk Lives' will fix that. We need more originality and non-comforting and being yourself, which in my opinion is what punk is all about.

So let's have some more Sex Pistols, Dead Kennedys, Siouxsie, Killing Joke and the Birthday Party, and keep up the great mag. **An Aussie Punk, South Australia.**

I THINK the No. 3 Punk Lives was a let down. There was not enough pics of well known bands. Who are the ABWARTS? Us Burton Punks have never heard of them. The picture of Wattie was the best thing in Punk Lives. You should start printing songs in the mag also.

Also overall it's a great mag to read, you could start publishing punk gigs around the country, and the start of new bands such as Degenerate and Fatal Dose, two well known Burton punk bands. Keep the mag up anyway. **Bill, Burton upon Trent, Staffs.**

MY NAME'S not important but your mag is, the pic's are brill! and the write ups are really interesting. I've got to admit my boyfriend Cash(punk) and your mag have helped me very much to see that punks aren't what people say about them, I think they're great. I'd just like to say thanks mates! **Carry, Dartmouth, Devon.**

PEOPLE LIKE you make me absolutely sick, the only thing that makes me sicker is to think that people actually go out and buy the crap you print. Your magazine, just like 'Punks Not Dead' before you, are nothing but cynical cash ins. I find it hard to believe that people are actually taken in by the bull you print. The only interest *you* take in punk is how much money you can get out of it.

You only have to take a look at the letters page to see how plastic and pathetic you really are, not one *real* critical letter, not *one,* I just do not believe that you didn't get any. It seems to me that you're scared that if you print any you might lose some of your precious readers. If they really want to read about punk bands why the hell don't they buy the fanzines, there's plenty of excellent ones about eg. Final Curtain, New Mania, New Crimes, Obituary etc. Not one of these costs 70p. **From TIM.P. (Mounting Tension).**

HI THERE. I'm writing from a jail in New Zealand.

I've read two of your mags and I think they are great. Over here we don't get them until you've brought out the next issue, and they cost over two dollars but my mates still send them in. I wouldn't mind having a penpal in England, so I know what's happening in the mother land of punk. There's quite a few punks & boots and skins over here but we've got a lot of gangs that hassle us so most people that want to get into it are scared of getting a beating.

I really like your pics of the new OI bands. We've got one in Dunedin where I come from and we have to send away for records 'cos when they import them the prices are too high. I would like to see the latest records that come out during the month as I won't find out until next April when I get out. I've already missed out on the last three months of good records. It would be really great if some of the bands could tour here in '83/'84. **Leddie, skinhead of the South, New Zealand.**

I AM a member and co-founder of a North-East punk band, called Emergency Purge (pictured above). Speaking from an unbiased point of view, I would have to say that we "must" be one of the biggest bands in Middlesborough, and "the" most biggest punk band.

We've done gigs with top new-wave and punk bands such as the Damned, the Exploited, Splodge, Anti-Nowhere League, Vice Squad, Anti Pasti, Infa-Riot and lots of others.

Although we've not got any singles as yet, (as we're not interested in "small companies", who do very little sometimes nothing as for promotion etc. and are a complete waste of time and money anyway!) We have a pretty good demo-tape recorded, and a colour video in the making.

Even though we've come this far, I think our only big break would have been with the Upstarts whom we were to support at our Town Hall sometime ago, but unfortunately the gig was cancelled due to riots.

If you are interested and want to know more about Emergency Purge drop me a line and I'll send you up a copy of our demo too. **Andy Walker, Middlesbrough, Cleveland.**

I AM writing to you on behalf of my group called Pressure. We have been trying to get little write ups in magazines but they don't bother just because they've never heard of us. We are a three piece band, but we are not really wild punk, but most of our songs have a message inside them. Like 'Prison Life' was written about being pushed around and beaten up in prison by you

know who. If you do us this favour please mention Alan Smith bass guitar, Darren Sanders drums, Neil Frazer guitar and vocals and special thanks Paul Clark and Richard Todd. **Neil Frazer, Barry, South Wales.**

I'M A skinhead from what must be the most depressed town in Britain, Consett, and I just wanted to tell you about a band I saw here twice, they're called The Redundants, good name for a band. They have a strong OI-punk following of about 50 or 60 from this town alone. Me and all me mates think they're great because they let the crowd get involved, not like some other small bands from the N.E. who think they're pop stars.

Anyway, I was pleased to hear that they've signed with Jade Records and have released a tape, and have a single out soon.

They have supported my No. 1 band the Toy Dolls three times and I bet there'll be a lot more to come. If anyone wants any information on the group they can write to: The Redundants, 3 Temperance Terrace, Grabamsley, Crook, Co Durham SL15 9TD. **Aka Consett Skin, Geordieland.**

If you'd like a picture of your band featured in Punk Lives, just send us one with FULL DETAILS of all the members, where you live and if you have any gigs and any other information you want us to use.

Send your letters to: Graffiti, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

Penpals

I WOULD like a female penpal who likes punk bands old and new eg. Sex Pistols, Vice Squad, Damned, Exploited etc. I am 15 and I'm into having a good time. Photo if possible. **Mark Pealing, 3 Saltergate Mews, Salford 5.**

I AM 18 years and a skinette and I would like any skin or punk into Madness, 4 Skins, Crass, P.I.L., Angelic Upstarts, and likes going to the cinema. **Karen, 48 Strathnaver Avenue, Barrow In Furness, Cumbria.**

ALL PUNKS, particularly those into Siouxsie, Dead Kennedys, UK Decay, A.N.L. and Vice Squad please write to. **Hev Brockes, 96 Counless Street, Accrington, Lancs.**

MY NAME is Kevin, I'm a 22 year old punk. I'm into Crass, Siouxsie and Banshees, UK Subs, Poison Girls, Dirt, Conflict, Lurkers, Partisans and some others, I also like most sport. Like to meet girl 16 upwards for gigs and good time etc, must live around Bristol. **Kevin, 8 Maycliffe Park, Ashley Hill, Bristol, BS6 5JH. Avon.**

BORED PUNK aged 22 and punkette 18yrs, wishes to write and meet others any age into complete Disorder, Peter and Testtube Babies, Partisans, Discharge, and other hard core, fast, loud, raw punk bands. Please send photo and SAE for phone number ALA — **Sid and Nancy, Flat 8, 10 parkfield Road, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD8 7AA.**

21 YEAR old rebel into the Clash (old and new) Reggae and various punk bands. Would like attractive chick (18-22 yrs) to write/meet. Photo if possible. **Steve Justice, Top Flat, 4 Portland Street, Off Gillygate, York.**

AMERICAN ANARCHIST punk girl, 20, into Crass, Vice Squad, Siouxsie, Poison Girls, Partisans, Violators, plus all the best American bands. Looking to correspond with any and all interested punks. Would like to exchange records, fanzines, etc. I am editor of the fanzine Savage Pink over here. Now get writing. **Allison Raine, 1248 Day Street, Phila., PA 19125, USA.**

I AM an American into anarchist bands from both the UK and America. My favourites include Crass, Discharge, Exploited, Dead Kennedys and Bad Brains. I would like to write to any punk into the same staff. I am in an American anarchist band called sadistic Exploits. Please write. **P.O. Box 37, Upper Darby, PH. 19082.**

WE WOULD like to meet punks and punkette's from the ages of 15-18. Mark and I like the songs by, Exploited (we think Wattie is great), Anti Nowhere League, Clash, Sex Pistols, Stranglers, Damned and Flux of Pink Indians. Mark has green skiky hair and mine is blue. **Lorna Seymour & Mark Leishman, 34 Moorfoot Place, Bourtreehill, Irvine, Ayrshire.**

USA PUNK (22) into UK Subs, ANWL, Vice Squad, The Business etc. would like a penpal in England to trade letters and punk here. I will be coming to England soon I would like punkettes or punks to show me around clubs and pubs — please write. **Barry Alfonso, 2902 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11208. USA.**

ATTENTION ALL punkettes 11-14 years old into punks, such as Sid Vicious, Exploited and Vice Squad. I hate Duran Duran and new romantic groups. Anyone interested please write to: **Mark Beresford, 16 Ambler Grove, Copeswood, Coventry.**

A BORED 14 year old punkette woud like to write or meet with punk 13-15. Likes ANWL, Killing Joke, Siouxsie, Sex Gang Children, UK Decay, Dead Kennedys, Bauhaus, Infa Riot plus lots more. **Sharon, 16 Norfolk Road, South Shields, Tyne & Wear, NE34 47JW.**

I'M A 15 year old punk and would like to hear from any punks, punkettes from anywhere, my favourite group is the Sex Pistols but I also like the Damned, UK Subs, Disorder, Exploited, ANWL etc. **John Baldwin, 41 Diana Street, Roath, Cardiff, S.Glam.**

I'M FROM the US and I really want a penpal from the UK to keep up with the music and all. My favourite group (the *only* band that really matters) is the Clash. I also like the Sex Pistols, PIL and Exploited. I'd like anyone from 17 years old. **Virginia Richards, P.O. Box 98, Alpha, Ohio, USA 45301.**

FAVOURITE GROUPS, Exploited, Anti Pasti, Sex Pistols etc. I would like to write to punkettes. **Douglas Cope, 7 Burleigh Croft, Chasetown, WS7 8SL.**

WOULD LIKE to correspond with a working (such a thing?) punk able to trade info and paraphenalia on newer English Punk/Oi in exchange for the same from USA's hardcore bands. **Etch (Age 26) (Male), 2304½ Mira Vista Avenue, Montrose, California 91020, USA.**

MY AGE is 20 and I like Bow Wow Wow, Anti Pasti, Sex Pistols, Exploited, ANWL, Vice Squad and lots more. I would like to meet a punk girl age 16-21. **Geoff Hicklin, 5 Albert Street, Douglas, Isle Of Man.**

TWO PUNKS want punkettes to write, meet, laughs, gigs (almost anywhere) LOL 17 into Damned, Discharge, GBH and most '77 punk. Tony 19 into Discharge, GBH, Varukers, Anti-Sect, send photo if possible, all letters answered, send to **45 Canterbury Road, Margate, Kent.**

MY NAME is Claire Price, I am 16 and I would like to hear from any punks of the male species interested in the Dickies, Damned, Sex Pistols and the Stranglers. **Garva Watford, Caerphilly, Mid-Glam, CF8 1NF.**

ANY PUNKS out there who can't play guitar, drums etc. But would like to try. Well we're two females who can't sing but would like to. So we want to try form a punk band. If interested we stay in Glasgow it helps. **Write to Mandy & Margaret (King), 61 Roslea Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow, G31 2QR.**

WE ARE two sisters — Lyn 19 years and Julie 16 years and would like to write to Punks/Punkettes aged 16 years upwards from anywhere in the UK. Fav bands are Buzzcocks, The Damned, Blitz, Angelic Upstarts, Banshees, Vice Squad. Interests include going to the Pub, Gigs, and (Lyn) playing guitar/Vocals in Derby band. **Lyn & Julie Handley, 28 Shamrock Street, Derby.**

WE ARE two punkettes age 16 wanting to hear from all you punks out there. We're into Chron Gen, Infa-Riot, Exploited, GBH and most other punk groups. Other interests include dying our hair bright colours. Letters and photos if poss to one or both of the addresses: **Bev's, 168 Clover Walk, Botton-on-Dearne, Nr. Rotherham, South Yorks. Louise's, 24 Dudley Road, Doncaster, South Yorks.**

I'M KAZ. (it's short for Caroline), I'm Totally extrovert, and I do what I want to do when I feel like it, (within reason). I live bikes and gigs, and I love the Sex Pistols, Exploited, Clash, SLF, GBH and Killing Joke. I'm totally mad on fella's with tattoos, and I love a good piss up. Any Punks out there wanna write to me over in the States, and you're guaranteed a reply with every photo sent. **"Chunky Punky", Kaz Naismith, Route 8, Box 48, Statesville, North Carolina, 28677, USA.**

PUNKETTE (15) into most punk groups, wants Punks/Punkettes to write and meet for gigs. Write with photo if possible to: **Helen, 3 Romsley Close, Rubery, Birmingham B45 9UX.**

MY NAME is Owen Gregory I am 14 years old and would like to hear from any punk about the same age. I like the Damned, Clash, and particularly the Sex Pistols. Please write to: **22 Conway Avenue, Quinton, Birmingham, B32 1DR.**

I AM a 16 year old punk and would like to meet a punkette or two from Glasgow. I like Crass, Discharge, Anti Pasti, ANL, Siouxsie, and Exploited. **Stephen Thomson, 247 Meadowpark Street, Glasgow, G31 3DU.**

CALLING ALL punks and punkettes. I am 16 and into most punk groups. I want to write to punks (especially those thinking of forming a group themselves) from all over the country to swap news, reviews, ideas etc. For more info write to: **Kev, 25 Hartsgrove, Chiddingfold, Godalming, Surrey GU8 4RG.**

PUNK (17) into most punk old and new wants punkettes to write/meet for gigs etc. **Write to Tony, 45 Newton Road, Cheltenham, Glos.**

GROUPS I'M into are: Exploited, Discharge, Chron Gen, Partisans, Blitz, GBH, Expelled and Chaos UK. I'd like to write and maybe meet a punkette anywhere (even Mars). Must be into hardcore punk and leather, and must like Insane, Varukers, Disorder, Fits, Chaotic Dischord etc. I'm 17 and would like a punkette aged 15+. Photo not really necessary, every letter answered. **Daz, 56 Serpentine Gardens, Newtonabbey, Co Antrim, N. Ireland BT36 7EZ.**

FEMALE ROTTING vegetable (15-18) from Glasgow area wanted for letters, gigs etc. No churchgoers or nazi punks, please! Photo if possible. **Scott Nutcheson (18), 202 Old Glamis Road, Dundee.**

HI I'M Jayne (17) from Geordie I'd like punks from anywhere in England. My favourite bands are the Sex Pistols, Exploited and Anti Pasti and lots more. **Jayne Teasdale, 17 Broadoak Terrace, Chopwell, Tyne & Wear, NW17 7LB.**

I THINK Siouxsie & The Banshees, Vice Squad, Sex Pistols, UK Subs etc are brill, I'd like anybody between the ages of 16-19 to write. **Rachel, Bank House, Beck Bank, Gosberton Clough, Spalding, Lincs.**

I AM a Punk who likes Crass, Dirt, Sub Humans, Discharge and Anarchy, I would like write to Punks who also like these groups. **Richard Allen, 7 Wesley Lane, Southwick, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.**

WANT TO meet two girls, aged 12-13. Rough height 5ft. Like the Sex Pistols, Vice Squad, Crass or Exploited. **Bill (5ft 3ins) & Phil (4ft 11ins) both aged 12, Flat 1, 50 Grove Hill, South Woodford, London, E.18**

I'M 19 years old and would like to write to Skins and Punks everywhere. My fave groups are GBH, Peter and Babies, Exploited, Business, Partisans and Siouxsie and Banshees, so if you're interested write to me. **Louise Lamonby, 25 Wheeler Orchard, Tenbury Wells, Worcs. WR15 8DQ.**

I AM a Californian punk and would like to exchange letters and music with someone overseas. Musically I am into lots of anarchist bands (Conflict, Crass) and also bands over here in America (Fear, DK, Bad Brains), but in terms of letters I would like to exchange lots of views and insights into the local scenes here and there. I live near San Diego and have access to plenty of vinyl from local and well-known bands here. **Doug Kearney, 14022 Condesa, Del Mar, CA, 92014.**

17 YEAR old American punk would like to hear from English punks (male or female). My favourite bands are — Discharge, UK Subs,

FREE!

Do you want to write or meet fellow punks? In the next issue of Punk Lives we'll devote a section just for you. And it's FREE. Send your name, address and the type of person and music you'd like to match up with to Punk Lives, PENPALS, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1 and we'll print as many as we can.

Blitz, Crass, Varukers, Exploited, Dead Kennedys and Minor Threat. **Robert Overbury, 35 Blish Road, Warlborough, Connecticut, 06447, USA.**

I'M A 16 year old American punk who wants to write to and hear from female punks in any country. My favourite bands are: Sex Pistols, Dead Kennedys, Vibrators, SLF, UK Subs etc. **Write to me, Jay Heycock, 102 Woodland Drive, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055, USA.**

I'M MALE, 15 and pissed off. I like UK Subs, ANWL, Dead Kennedys, Blitz, Exploited, Discharge and many more groups besides (not Theatre Of Hate — ugh!!). So I would like a penpal of either sex of the same age or over. **Dibs, 20 Eury Close, Trevingey, Redruth, Cornwall, TR1 53DB.**

HELLO, CINDY here. I'm interested in writing to any fans of the Clash, Anti Pasti, The Outcasts, Killing Joke, Chelsea, Crass etc. Do write if you're interested in the USA punk movement, as well. All letters will be answered. **My address — 1424 Morton Street, Lake Odessa, Mich, 48849, USA.**

HI, MY name's Debbie. I am blonde, 18 and unemployed. I wish to contact anybody into, Chron Gen, Discharge, Anti-Pasti, Infa Riot, 999, Jam and Killing Joke. **Debbie, "Hill View", Whitstone Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.**

AGED 17, looking for punkette 16-17 into Crass, System, Public Disgrace, Discharge and many more bands, preferably in the North West. **Dave Kirwan, 31 Mayfield Avenue, Sutton Heath, St. Helens, Merseyside.**

I AM a hard-core punk, living in Australia. Please find me a penpal as I am anxious to correspond with punks from everywhere. Please find someone who likes: bondage, sex, booze and music like The Exploited, Professionals, Crass, PIL, Clash, Chron Gen and Anti-Pasti. I am 17 years old, an Art Student and nasty. I hate plastic crap, and I hate trends. I desperately need to exchange ideas/photos with someone from the UK (I've also been in a couple of punk bands (ill-fated). **Martin Keller, 22 6th Avenue, Coorparoo 4151, Brisbane, QLD, Australia.**

I AM a 16 year old punk called Dave, looking for as many punk penfriends as possible. I live in a suburb of Geelong called Grovedale in Australia. (Punk's not dead down under). Bands I like are Chaos UK, Exploited, Discharge, GBH, Varukers and Dead Kennedys. Also I like the Violators, Angelic Upstarts and Infa Riot. It's hard to get Punk Lives down here and if we do it's about 5-6 months late so it's hard to find out what's happening with true Brit punk. I'm willing to exchange photos of me and Aussie punks and punk bands plus tapes of punk bands over here such as Napalm Disasters, Dogs On Heat and Total Mass Retain, for photos and tapes of your bands at gigs. *Please* write to: **Dave Ware, 23 Karana Avenue, Grovedale, Victoria 3216, Australia.**

OI OI, mohicans, skins, and punx. Jade the Skin and Sue the Punk wanna hear from you. Riot Squad, Angelic Upstarts, Exploited, GBH, and 4 Skins are the sounds. We promise you a laugh or two in our crazy letters. Contact us through: **Jade N Sue, c/o Vidual Anti, 19 Chruch Street, Bloxwich, Walsall.**

18 YEAR old punk into, Damned, Chelsea, Vibrators, wants to hear from punkettes anywhere, write to: **Avon, 6 Kingsmuir Crescent, Peebles, Scotland, EH45 9AB.**

I'M 15 years old and in an Austrialian prison on a murder rap. I'd like some bloke to write. I get into Pistols, Exploited, Crass and Clash. Also a little of Siouxsie. One male required, 20-24, any coloured hair, two eyes, two heads and a body. Write to: **Lie-anne Howes, PO Box 115, Ermington, New South Wales, Australia 2115.**

I WOULD like punx from Bath or Bristol to write to if poss, if not from anywhere. From 16-18. I'm 15 and into GBH, Chron Gen, Subhumans, that sorta stuff. Photos please, write to: **Rach, 25 Oaklands, Paulton, Nr. Bath, BS18 5RP.**

I'M 15 and like Crass, Exploited, Infa-Riot, Dead Kennedys, Cockney Rejects, Sex Pistols, Discharge, GBH, Vice Squad, Anti Nowhere League and Sub Humans. I would like to hear from any punk chicks (girls only). I would like to know some. **Michael Klem, 1/19 Lancelot Street, Allawah 2218, Sydney, Australia.**

16 YEAR old intellectual skin into Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Infa-Riot, Blitz, Sham 69, Adicts, Crux, Toy Dolls, Screwdriver, would like to write to good looking, intelligent, thoughtful British punkettes or skingirls, 15-17, so send a letter with photo. **Andy Burland, 15 Vicarage Lane, The Bourne, Farnham, Surrey.**

MY NAME is Wendy, I'm 17 and into punk, GBH, Plasmatics, Animal, Sex Pistols, Chelsea, Crass, Infa Riot, Angelic Upstarts, Exploited, Vice Squad, Blitz, Discharge, Test Tube Babies and Erazerhead. I would like penpals 18-19 years old. Preferably male. So if you look like old Sid Vicious please write right away. Photo's essential — will be returned. **Wendy, 238 Mulford Street, Concord, Green Island, Dunedin, New Zealand.**

I AM 14 years old and looking for a punk or punkette (14-16 years old) who's into The Exploited, Combat 84, Red Alert and Threats. Anybody who doesn't like Crass. **Gary Keith, 14 Lyne Terrace, Penicuik, Midlothian, Scotland EH26 8HF.**

I AM a 16 year old hard-core punk into groups like The Exploited, Abrasive Wheels and GBH, etc. who would like to get in touch with 16-17 year old punkettes to write to and meet for gigs, etc. Preferably around the Northumberland and Tyne and Wear areas. **Graeme MacDonald, 43 Barrowburn Place, Seghill, Northumberland NE23 7HB.**

TWO AUSTRALIANS, girl and guy who are visiting London in July and August for three to four weeks are looking for cheap accommodation in London. The month we're in Britain we intend to visit Scotland, Wales and Paris and our hosts would be welcome to come with us for a ride. While we're in London we intend to see bands like GBH, Discharge, Disorder and anyone else who happens to be playing, so someone with similar interests will be good. Our ages are 18 and 20 and we can drink more than any pom (or at least we try to). We are both desperate to see Britain and the world's best bands but the only way we can do this is to find somewhere to stay, so please help. **Marc Wright, 50 Wellington Street, Petrie Terrace, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.**

I'D LIKE to write to British punk's to swop punk material (Live and demo tapes, bootleg, photos). **Andrew Floss, Via Roma 198, 38050 S. Orsola (TN), Italy.**

I'M WRITING to you as I'm looking for penpals all over England, Ireland (N.Ireland) and Scotland. Whowever is interested should be into the Exploited, GBH, Killing Joke, The Cure, Cult Maniax, SLF, DK, and oh well, many others. I'm also interested in the occult and love black leather. I'm 18 years old. **Mathleen Barberio, Hafenstr 19, 2850 Bremerhaven, W.Germany.**

I'M 19 and I would like a penpal around the same age as me. I live in Austrialia and I'm a hairdresser and really love punk. My favourite groups are Exploited, Dead Kennedys, Anti Nowhere League, Vice Squad, Anti-Pasti, Crass, GBH and lots of Australian punk bands. Hope to hear from someone soon. **Gianna Franceschi, 10 Lester PDE, North Lambton 2299, Newcastle NSW, Australia.**

I URGENTLY need to get to know some of my fellow punks, especially in other parts of the country, and this is why I am writing to you with big hopes. I am trying to eliminate sadism and masochism from my punk style (not that I think that I am much of a sadist or masochist) because I want a style that is rough, free, individual and not being pushed aside by our rulers. But it mustn't be a tame castrated style. If you can help me by sending me a letter, or any pix, ideas you have. I can play myself any cassette with your views upon it, or any singing or music you have recorded. And I can reply too. Nobody but me would read your letter or hear your cassette, and I will send you replies. I urgently want to get deeper into punk (not into the establishment nowheres) but extra punk friends of similar views (eg. no muggings, etc) are ESSENTIAL. So don't let me sink into oblivion if you can avoid it. **Edward Turnbull, "Taman", 38 Elsdon Road, Gosforth, Northumberland, NE3 1HY.**

I WOULD like to have a penpal in Aberdeen, I am going to art college there and would like someone to go to punk concerts with. I am 18 years, have blonde hair, 5ft 8in. My favourite groups are Siouxsie, Exploited, ANWL, Vice Squad, Sex Pistols, Chron Gen and Infa Riot, etc. . . . **Wendy Laing, "Balnabriech", 28 North Square, Footdee, Aberdeen.**

I AM a 15 year old punk and I would like to match up with punks and punkettes around same age with interests of The Damned, GBH, Crass, Conflict and Dirt. **Justin Miller, Alamanda, Botus Fleming, Saltash, Cornwall, PL12 6NJ.**

YES, I would like to meet a girl or boy at least 15 years of age or older who is into punk, Vice Squad, Anti-Pasti, Exploited or punk from the States. I am 16 years old and am into hard-core punk. Blackflag, Circle Jerks, Waisted Youth and into Vice Squad, Anti-Pasti, etc. **Peter Corrales, 802 E Hershey Avenue, Monterey Park, CA 91754.**

20 YEAR old 'old wave' male who hates Oi, but into Killing Joke, Siouxsie, Cure, Velvet Underground (where it all started) Stranglers, Crass, PIL and early Bow Wow Wow, seeks friendly females to write/meet/gigs. **Simon Bandsfield, Park Ludge, The Hangers, Bishops Waltham, Southampton, Hants.**

HELLO!, I'M Bobs. I'm 15 years old and have just got into the Sex Pistols. I need some friendly punk advice to get me on my way (as I'm not a punk yet), please write to me if you're 15 or over and live in the London area. (Photos if possible, but I don't mind). **Bobs, 11 Halstead Gardens, Cliftonville, Margate, Kent.**

PENPAL WANTED. Punkette, Northern Ireland or South England. I'm 16, into Damned, SLF, Subs etc. Must be about same age. Photo if possible. **Daniel Richardson, 69 Francis Street, Lochgally, Fife, Scotland.**

WE ARE two punks from Ferryhill in County Durham, Spaz and Stig, we are both 16 years old. Our favourite groups are the Anti Nowhere League and Discharge etc. We want to contact two punkettes in the surrounding area who like our music and who go to gigs and generally have a good time. Stig's address is **1 Kelvin Street, Dean Bank, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.**

I'M 17 years old, I'd like to write to punks or punkettes into Crass, Flux of Pink Indians, Conflict, Dirt, Rudimentary Peni, Discharge, and early punk bands like the Sex Pistols, UK Subs etc. Also I want to meet the people, as long as they aint too far away from where I live. If there's anyone interested write to: **Mark Shaw, 16 Cardiff Street, Pennfields, Wolverhampton, WV3 0EZ.**

17 YEAR old newly turned punkette would like to write and meet other punkettes. Into all punk music especially Sex Pistols. Answer all letters and photo if possible. Also a devoted vegetarian and Animal Rights Campaigner. **Liz Begg, 5 Nith Avenue, Paisley, Strathclyde, PAR 0PZ.**

Send a picture and we'll use that as well!

OUR BACK PAGES

A PICTORIAL LOOK AT EARLY PUNK

I can get higher than you. Soon they were all to pogo. Notice Mark Perry of Sniffin' Glue fame in the lined T-shirt with beer mug in hand? The Roxy, 1977. Below, The Clash before a gig at The Rainbow, 1977.

PICTURES BY ERICA ECHENBERG

IF YOU HAVE ANY EARLY PICS THAT YOU'D LIKE PRINTED, SEND THEM TO US AT PUNK LIVES, 'OUR BACK PAGES' 50 EAGLE WHARF ROAD, LONDON, N1.

THE BLOOD

If you don't know them already, The Blood are Cardinal Jesus Hate, vocals and prayers; J.J. Bedsore, guitar and fur waistcoat; Mutley, bass and white leather and Dr Wildthing, drums and silly glasses. The band have a new single, 'Megalomania', released on April 4 on No Future. Their tour starts on April 5 at London's 100 Club.

pic by Tony Mottram

DEAD MAN'S SHADOW. pic by Erica Echenberg

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

pic by Erica Echenberg

KIRK BRANDON

SPEAR OF DESTINY

KIRK BRANDON, one time warbler with Theatre of Hate, has an album out this month with his new band Spear Of Destiny. The album, 'Grapes Of Wrath', is released on April 8. 'Flying Scotsman', Spear Of Destiny's current single is included on the album and the band, who recently played a few dates, are expected to tour in April.

pic by Tony Mottram

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

pic by Tony Mottram